
THE BOUQUET,
A
SELECTION OF POEMS.



THE
BOUQUET,
A
SELECTION OF POEMS
FROM THE
MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS,
WITH SOME ORIGINALS.

VOLUME I.



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BOUQUET

SELECTION OF FORMS



PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH every one is not born a poet, yet there are few people who have not some taste for poetry. Indeed, it has always been considered a most pleasing method of conveying instruction, and as tending to "alleviate and amuse the tedious journey of life."

In selecting the following Poetical Bouquet, the editor claims no merit, as most of the productions were either pointed out by his friends, or sent to him by the subscribers. His chief care, therefore, has been, that whilst he considered the various tastes of the public, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to blend instruction with amusement, nothing should inadvertently escape him, which could in the least offend the ear of Chastity: so that, from the excellence of the selection, and the typographical execution, these volumes might at the same time be an ornament to a library, and an elegant present to the youth of both sexes.

“Amusements on the Road of Life,” human nature must have. It is well if those amusements can also be rendered useful; and should they be poetical ones, there is no species of poetry which may not, if rightly applied, be made so; for a celebrated writer has observed, in speaking even of panegyric and satire, that, “He could never behold a fine prospect or a fine place, much less a fine woman, or an animated countenance, without a sensible emotion; the most natural expression of which (to him at least) was in this way: which gratifying the imagination with a sort of temporary possession, has suppressed any illicit desires of invading his neighbour’s property.

“The like moral effect it has had upon his temper, when provoked by ill-usage: On venting his spleen in a ludicrous stanza, or an harmless epigram, he has immediately found his wrath subside, a flow of benevolence succeed; and he has been entirely reconciled to the object of his resentment.”—Amusements on the Road of Life, by the Author of the Spiritual Quixote.

If,

If, therefore, properly reading an epigram, or a humorous stanza, can have such an effect upon our earthly natures, the contemplating a flower—reflecting upon the seasons—painting the beauties of creation, and meditating upon the various productions of Nature, should elevate our minds to that GOD OF NATURE, who gives to creation all its charms, and inspires the poet with every beautiful idea.



the first of these is the fact that the
 human mind is not a tabula rasa, but
 is filled with ideas and impressions
 from the moment of birth. These
 impressions are the result of the
 action of the senses upon the
 mind, and are the foundation of
 all knowledge. The second fact is
 that the human mind is not a
 passive receiver of impressions, but
 is an active agent in the process
 of knowledge. It is the mind that
 selects and organizes the impressions
 it receives, and it is the mind that
 creates the ideas and concepts which
 are the basis of all thought and
 action.

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THE BOUQUET.

FLOWERS.

Anonymous.

FULL of my theme, with doubtful feet,

I fought the Muses' bow'r,
Half hoping, half afraid to meet

Some kind inspiring pow'r:
When fleet along the rising gale

The queen, fair FANCY, past,
And thro' her rain-bow tinged veil

A glance benignant cast:

Then pointing thro' a fragrant glade,

"Come see," she cried, "the train

"Who own, in this secluded shade,

"My visionary reign!"

Proud to obey the glad command

I took, with silent awe, my stand:

Meanwhile, in many a varying vest

Of mystic texture aptly drest,

Ideal myriads seem to rove

Promiscuous thro' the cultur'd grove;

And each, as in-bred impulse led,
 From ev'ry flow'r-embroider'd bed,
 Some certain plant, whose blofsoms rofe
 Significantly pleafing, chofe:

With frank, firm look, and light, tho' fteady tread,
 Came COURAGE firft, and cropp'd a dew-charg'd

ROSE:

For in the tender ROSE might beft be read
 Her very effence—bloom that gently glows,
 Impell'd by gentle breath; prone to difpenfe
 To all, all fweetnefs; yet alert to fhew,
 If rafh Invaſion ruder deeds commence,
 That warm Reſentment points a thorn below!

Retiring from the public eye,
 The maiden meek HUMILITY
 Was feen to turn, with mildeft grace,
 To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face!
 And all unconſcious what fair fame
 Merit like her's might well aſsume,
 Preferr'd, to ev'ry jufter claim,
 The lowly DAISY's fimple bloom.

Some bauble each moment arranging,
 Admiring, exploding, or changing,
 The coquette AFFECTATION ſkims wantonly by;
 On her breaſt a NARCISSUS ſhe bore,
 As if, with Narcifſus of yore,
 For a form like her own ſhe could languifh and die.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering PATIENCE stood,
Conq'ring evil still with good,
Binding for her brow the while,
Artless wreaths of CHAMOMILE;
Hardy plant, whose vig'rous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain
Ardent HOPE all panting flew,
Prompt her eager eye to strain
Far beyond the present view;
Quick from tint to tint to stray,
She the PRIMROSE held most dear;
First-born of returning May,
Promise of the future year.

Pure CONSTANCY (whose hallow'd fires
Time dignifies and Truth inspires,
In spite of absence, grief, or pain)
Approv'd the faithful MARIGOLD,
Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold
When first the sun asserts his reign;
Hail his glad progress thro' the day,
Close gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open till he shines again.

SUPERSTITION came telling her steps and her beads,
Like JACK-IN-A-BUSH hung all over with green;

AGNUS-CASTUS by wholesale she brought from the meads,

And stuck, with due care, HOLY THISTLE between:
A chaplet of MONKHOOD she pluck'd from her head,
And ROSEMARY sprigs for the graves of the dead.

ILL-NATURE to a corner stole,
And taught her blood-shot eyes to roll,
As if she long'd to blight
Each flow'r of happier scent and hue,
Save pois'nous ACONITE.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
All chearful their features, all easy their mien,

CONTENTMENT and INNOCENCE tript it along:
By the delicate SNOW-DROP was INNOCENCE known;
CONTENTMENT took HEART'S-EASE and call'd it her
own,

Nor envy'd the gay nor the great in the throng.

The throng!—just hint to wild conceit like mine;
Why what a wreath had I began to twine!
Indulgent as she was, methinks I hear
E'en FANCY's self now whisper in my ear—
“Quit 'ere 'tis tedious, quit the flow'ry road,
“Nor what was meant a NOSEGAY make a LOAD.”

THE EVERGREEN.

By J. Hodson.

WHEN Spring o'er the fields did her beauties display,
And Nature was blythe as a nymph of the May,
Fair Laura was fate with young Colin her love
Where the roses and jessamines form'd an alcove;
How gay (cry'd the maid) is each object around!
How sweetly yon flow'rets enliven the ground!—
'Tis true (reply'd Colin) yet all this gay scene
Is less to be priz'd than a sweet Evergreen.

For now tho' each object awhile may delight,
And earth's flow'ry carpet our footsteps invite,
Yet soon shall a few fleeting hours pass away,
Then the season shall change, and its glory decay;
Yon rose then depriv'd of its fragrance will lie,
And the daisies will lose ev'ry beautiful dye,
Nor the traces of life throughout Nature be seen,
But those which are found in the sweet Evergreen.

From Nature, my fair one, some lesson we find,
To direct ev'ry passion that glows in the mind,
And each flower that blooms in the garden or vale
Is an instance that pride and that beauty will fail.

Ye nymphs and ye swains, then, if true ye would prove,
To honour, to virtue, to friendship and love,
Let no pride or caprice in your conduct be seen,
But take for your pattern the sweet Evergreen.

ODE on the SPRING.

By Mr. Gray.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear;
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs
And wake the purpled year:
The attick warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring;
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit and think

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the croud!
How low, how little are the proud!
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The panting herds repose,
Yet hark! how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest.
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?

A solitary fly!
 Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
 Nor hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display;
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
 Thy fun is fet, thy Spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE to ADVERSITY.

By Mr. Gray.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantinè chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:

What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in fable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty!

Thy form benign, Oh goddess! wear;
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart!
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

HYMN to REPENTANCE.

By J. Scott, M. A.

Base world, begone!—Thy false delusive joys
 No more shall lead my feet astray—
 Hence to the young, the vain, the gay,
 And proudly deck them with thy tinsel toys!
 Nor flatt'ring hope, nor slavish fear,
 Those nails that to this mortal frame
 Fix the fond soul, my breast shall tear;
 No thirst for pleasure, wealth, or fame,
 Tempt me to quaff thy charmed cup, whose taste
 Unmolds the form divine, and turns the man to beast.

Base world, begone!—Cast on a friendly shore
 No more I dread thy desert deep,
 Where swift the rushing tempests sweep,
 And mad winds rave, and boiling billows roar:

Behold no more, with wild affright,
The rocks close-lurking for their prey,
The black clouds bursting on my sight,
While round the livid lightnings play;
O save us, save us!—Hark the doleful cry,
All mortal strength is vain; they faint, they sink, they die!

Betimes escap'd, while yet breathe Summer gales,
While yet on Ocean's tranquil breast
The little halcyon builds her nest,
I shorten all my oars, and furl my sails;
O wretch profane, sure triple brass
Girds thy proud heart; O wretch profane,
To let the doubtful Autumn pass,
Yet tempt the dangers of the main;
Careless of home the blissful port despise,
Tho' scowl the low'ring heav'ns, and storms of Winter
rise!

For me, I hang the votive tablet high,
And to this lone sequester'd vale,
With care and weary watches pale,
Retire, and muse upon eternity.—
Come, goddess of the tearful eye,
With solemn step, demure and slow,
Thy full heart heaving many a sigh,
And clouds of sadness on thy brow;
O come, with ashes sprent, in sackcloth drest,
And wring thy piteous hands, and beat thy plaintive
breast.

Such was thy form, O heav'n-descended maid,
When at her dearest Saviour's feet,
Bedew'd with tears, and odours sweet,
Poor Magdalene repentant wept and pray'd:
She wept, and swiftly to the sky
The steam like hallow'd incense rose;
When lo her sins of scarlet dye
Grew white as wool, or mountain snows:
The morning stars with joy triumphant rang,
And all the sons of God their loud hosannas sang!

Come then, my Magdalene, thy aid impart,
O'er all my foul thy balm diffuse,
And soften with the fleecy dews
Of penitential tears my stubborn heart:
Teach me to search with honest skill,
The wounds that rankle in my breast,
To curb my lusts, correct my will,
And chuse and cleave to what is best;
Teach me to urge, with never-ceasing care,
The force of holy vows, and violence of pray'r.

Oh come, my Magdalene, but leave behind,
Leave far behind thy frightful train;
Grim Penance, with an iron chain
Wont his gall'd legs at stated hours to bind:
A barefoot monk the fiend appears,
With scourge in hand, and beads, and book,
His cheeks are furrow-worn with tears,
Sunk are his eyes, and lean his look:

O wretched fools, beguiling and beguil'd,
Can God be pleas'd to see his image thus defil'd?—

Drive too away that wild distracted sprite
Enthusiasm, and that foul fiend
Remorse, that loves his heart to rend,
And sting himself to death with scorpion spite:
But chief that tyrant of the soul,
That curst man of hell, Despair;
See, see, his livid eye-balls roll!
What canker'd teeth, what grisly hair!
Anguish, and trembling Fear his conscience quail,
And all hell's damned ghosts the shrieking wretch assail!

O fly with such terrific forms as these,
And seek the weary wakeful bed,
Where the pale murderer is laid
A ghastly prey to horror and disease:
Or where th' oppressor voids his breath,
Deaf to the widow's bleeding cries;
Or, from a bosom black as death,
The plunderer of his country sighs;
Where libertines expire, and atheists lie
Harrow'd with doubts and fears, and curse their God
and die!

See worn with pain, LORENZO, once so gay!—
The pow'rs of Nature are at strife,
And the dim wasted lamp of life
Just feebly lifts an intermittent ray.

Oh mad, oh worse than mad, to leave
 To the short mercies of an hour
 Eternal joys!—What would he give,
 What thousand worlds, if in his pow'r,
 For time mispent, to watch, to fast, to pray,
 And wash, with contrite tears, his shameful sins away!—

Poor wretch in vain!—Before his frantic eyes
 Th' inexorable tyrant stands,
 And, arm'd with scorpions in their hands,
 The Fury-Terrors of his conscience rise!
 What agonizing pangs he feels!
 What tortures!—what convulsive throes!
 O fall ye mountains! fall ye hills,
 Preserve and hide him from his woes!
 Have mercy, heav'n!—Thy succours, JESU, bring,
 Retriumph o'er the grave, and draw Death's poignant
 sting.

Save me, what shrieks!—And is there no faint ray,
 No glimm'ring from that light serene,
 That gilds Death's melancholy scene,
 And guides the soul on her eternal way?
 Hark the last pang!—He faints!—He dies!
 His spirit bursts forth, and shiv'ring pale
 To some black horrible mansion flies,
 There to despond, and howl, and wail,
 Till Nature's wreck, till from the shrivel'd skies,
 The last dread trump shall call, "Ye dead, awake,
 "arise!"

O come betimes, sweet penitential pow'r,
And from such soul-distracting care,
Such chilling horrors of despair,
Preserve me, shield me, at death's trying hour!
From guilt of black enormous dye
My breast is free; I ne'er betray'd
A virgin's easy faith; no murd'rous lie
In secret whispers have convey'd,
Nor with the Muse's everliving store
Embalm'd the carrion corpse of wealth, or pride, or
pow'r.

From Truth's straight path, and Virtue's thorny
way,
Have wand'ring meteors false and vain,
The glare of honour or of gain,
Thro' dirt and danger drawn my steps astray?
Have I rejected Reason's aid,
And giv'n to headlong lusts the rein?
Or prone beneath the myrtle shade
Of Indolence and Pleasure lain?
Have I the tribute of a tear deny'd
When Want unheard hath wept, and injur'd orphans
cry'd?

Good heav'n forbid!—Yet still within my soul
Some leprous spots of guilt remain:
Oh could I cleanse each grosser stain
In Jordan's tide, or Siloa's healing pool!

Fond thought!—More salutary pow'rs
 In Sorrow's swelling stream reside,
 Than Siloa's pool at stated hours
 Could boast, or Jordan's cleansing tide:
 This from the soul sharp humours can repel,
 Cure ev'ry fest'ring wound, and Death's dread torments
 quell.

Here many a beauteous pearl of costly price,
 And many a gem of purer ray
 Than all Golconda's mines display,
 Lie hid in darkness far from vulgar eyes:
 For these the cloister'd virgin pines,
 Torn from each pleasing tender care;
 For these her placid breast resigns
 To midnight grief and midnight pray'r;
 Poor hapless maid!—May heav'n her vows regard,
 And all her wakeful pains with endless blifs reward!

Go fly, ye silken sons of Pleasure, fly,
 And barter for fantastick joys,
 Spurn'd by the great, the good, the wise,
 What Asia's monarchs have not worth to buy!
 Chace ev'ry cloudy thought away,
 Whose serious gloom o'ercasts the soul;
 To rapture give life's little day,
 And bid full tides of pleasure roll;
 Go where the loose-rob'd forms of wild Desire
 Expand their wanton charms, & press the buxom choir!

'Tis madness all!—Be mine unknown to sin,
And passions base, some lone retreat,
Some hoary hermit's moss-grown seat,
Far from the guilty world's tumultuous din.
Whether in HAGLEY's sacred shades,
Where Inspiration breathes around,
And by the much-lov'd Thespian maids
Their LUCY's plaintive bard is crown'd;
Or HACKFALL's bow'rs, and woodland walks in-
vite,
Where Nature's various charms, all rude of art, delight.

O lawns!—O hills!—And O thou pleasant vale,
Where URE's meand'ring waters roll!
What pensive pleasures soothe my soul,
What tender melancholy thoughts prevail
At thy approach!—While am'rous Jove
On Flora's bosom deigns to play,
Still let me haunt thy blissful grove,
Where all the rural graces stray;
There bid the folly-fetter'd world adieu,
And Wisdom's silent steps with holy zeal pursue.

There Contemplation dwells, that hoary fire,
And points the way that leadeth right
To those most glorious mansions, bright
With burning stars, and everliving fire:
There, on her silver anchor staid,
Sweet Hope to heaven directs her eyes;

While Faith, that eagle-sighted maid,
 Her far foreseeing tube applies,
 Whose mighty pow'r reveals the blest abode,
 In beatific trance, where Saints enjoy their God.

REDEMPTION.

By the Same.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, no more!—Adieu, ye maids,
 Whose visionary forms have met my eye;
 Whether I mus'd by Anio's headlong steep,
 Or by the fabled haunts of Castaly,
 Or where Cephissus joins the billowy deep;
 Or where thro' groves, and olive-woven shades,
 Ilissus rolls his stream;
 For now a loftier theme
 Demands my song, REDEMPTION's wond'rous plan,
 And thy sad sufferings, O my God, for man!

But come, O Virgin-muse of Sion, come,
 Come gently, and my breast inspire
 With some faint sparks of that seraphic fire,
 Whose beams refulgent glow'd,
 When bursting thro' the womb
 Of dark futurity, "A God, a God,"
 Proclaim'd aloud the heav'n enlighten'd seer;

“ From Bosrah, lo! he comes, mighty to save,

“ Mighty to triumph o’er the grave!”

And all the oaks of Bashan stoop to hear,

And Lebanon’s attentive cedars bow’d.

But turn, O turn thine eyes

To where, with groves of palm and olive crown’d,

On the fair bosom of the mountain lies

The garden’s holy ground!

For there my Saviour’s bitter agonies

Began; there from th’ abyss profound

Of blackest hell, a stream of horror flow’d,

And overwhelm’d his pure and innocent soul;

Or ere his sacred blood

Had wash’d, had cleans’d us from pollutions foul,

And seal’d anew the league ’twixt man and God.

Dark rose the dreadful night,

And not one sprightly note, or pleasing sound,

Was heard to breathe around:

The shepherds sat with silent horror mute,

And charm’d no more their pipe or jocund flute;

And Philomel her wonted strain forbore:

How could she sing, while from the blasted oak

The hoarse night-ravens croak,

And screech-owls moan aloud in dire affright,

And screaming from the pool with hideous cry

Aloof the bitterns fly;

While clouds impetuous burst with horrid roar,

And spectres shriek, and ghosts unholy yell,

And mutt'ring in the black and turbid air
 Dæmons and fiends of hell,
Array'd in livid flames terrific glare?

Earth to the center shook,
And universal Nature quakt for fear,
As if her end was near;
While ev'ry pale star, with distemper'd look,
Shot from the sky:—and well, O well they might,
When he was doom'd to agonizing pain,
Who bade them flame on high,
The fairest gems in heav'n's fair canopy,
And fill'd their orbs with everlasting light.

But now see where he lies
On the cold ground, expos'd to thick dank air,
And all the fury of the madding skies!
See how each nerve and vein
Trembles and throbs with torture; how his eyes
Start from their seat with anguish and despair!
What drops of sanguine sweat roll down amain
From his fair limbs! “O Father, O remove
 “ If possible this cup; yet not my will,
 “ But thine be done!” O agonizing love,
 O grace beyond compare!
Swift thro' the yielding air

The words upflew to heav'n, and all the quire
Of blessed angels stood in speechless trance:
Aside they flung their harps of golden wire,
And in their bow'rs of amaranthine shade
For one short moment stay'd

Their ardent songs of rapture and of praise,
While wonder-struck they gaze,
O King of Suff'rings on thy conflicts dire!

But soft! Am I deceiv'd, or doth a ray
Of light ethereal burst thro' yonder cloud,
And gild the mountain top with its fair beam?

Lo down the lucid stream
An Angel glides! he leaves his crystal sphere,
And cuts with nimble wing his liquid way
Thro' the rank vapours of this murky air;
Sent, O my Saviour, from thy lab'ring breast
To drive away the horrors of despair,
And give thy sorrow-sick'ning soul to rest.

And hark, while swiftly from th' ethereal height
This harbinger of light

Descends, what awful silence reigns around!
No more their rustling heads the cedars wave,
And each aërial sound
Creeps softly to its cave:

The dark clouds slumber on the mountain's brow,
And Nature stands absorb'd in dread suspense;
While thus the Angel cheers his drooping sense,
And bids full streams of heav'nly music flow.

THE HYMN.

HAIL, Sun of Righteousness, whose healing ray
Can pierce the darkness of Egyptian night;
Tho' now some earth-born clouds obstruct thy way,

Soon shalt thou blaze in thy meridian height;
And beaming, with celestial love,
Destroy the covering, and the veil remove,
And guide the nations with thy friendly light,
To the blest regions of eternal day.

Then, O ye hosts on high,
Cherubs and Seraphs, that excel in might,
Ye that encircling guard the saphyr throne,
And sing hofannas to the great THREE-ONE,
O praise him, praise him everlastingly!

When man rebell'd, and from th' abyfs profound
Those miscreated monsters Sin and Death
A way to Eden found;
There blasting, with their pestilential breath,
Each herb, and fruit, and flow'r,
Of Eve's delicious bow'r;
Thou saw'st the havoc, saw'st with melting eye
The sad earth labour under the horrid doom
Of guilt, and misery;
Saw'st all her beauty, all her vernal bloom
Like flow'rs frost-smitten die;
While heaving with convulsive pangs, and groans,
She op'd her jaws, and yawn'd the general tomb
Of her once happy, once immortal sons!
At that dread hour, when statue-struck with woe
Stood the primæval pair,
And wept, and loaded with their sighs the air,
We lookt around—but lo
Not one to pity them, not one to know!

No Son of light, no Angel dar'd to plead,
No Seraph intercede:
Till Thou, the high priest, heard'st the wretches moan,
And off'ring up their incense-breathing pray'r
In golden censer at th' eternal throne,
" On me their Shepherd, me thy wrath employ,
" But spare these hapless sheep, O Father, spare,
" Let me with agonies their grief atone,
" And all their sins, and all their sorrows bear."
Then sang the morning stars their hymns of joy,
When thou, the Father's uncreated Son,
The promis'd Shilo, quitting thy abode,
That heaven of heav'ns the bosom of thy God,
And stript of all thy blifs, and all thy glory,
Began'st, O wondrous story,
The task of love, and voluntary woe.
Hail, Word Eternal! Hail, Creating Mind!
Then did the hills, then did the vales resound;
The vale of Arnon, and the purple brow
Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,
And all the forests of thy Carmel sang,
When Thou, in fleshy tabernacle shrin'd,
'Ganst pour the stream of blessings all around,
And brooding over teach thy helpless care,
As the fond eagle doth her young, to try
Their scarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baser air
Assert the mansions in their native sky.
O goodly vine, beneath whose clustring boughs
The weary flocks repose!
O rose of Sharon! O enclosure sweet,

Of chief perfumes, of spices fresh and rare!
Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the garden blow,
That all the soul-delighting scents may flow;

And ye, O spirits of air,

Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair,
That Angels may dissolve in raptures meet!
O Phosphor! O effulgent Son of Morn!
But ah how fallen, fallen! how chang'd from him,
Who led to war th' embattled Seraphim,
And all the youth of Heav'n; whose flaming hand,
With thunders arm'd, hurl'd from th' ethereal sky
The arch apostate and his rebel band,
Hurl'd them with ruin, and combustion dire,
To bottomless perdition, there to lie
Weltring in lakes of everliving fire!

Yet, spotless Lamb, tho' now with wrath divine
Thou feel'st thy adamantine soul oppress'd;
Tho' Adam's sins are by adoption thine,
And crush with heavy load thy lab'ring breast;
Yet quickly shall the mortal coil be o'er,
And grief, and pain, and anguish be no more;
Soon shall the brightness of thy Godhead shine:
Ev'n now methinks thy robes with sanguine red
Are stain'd, like those that in the wine-fat tread;

I see, I see thee rise.

How bright, how glorious, o'er the starry skies,
And Sin, and Death are led
Chain'd to thy chariot wheels! Hark, hark the song
Begins, the song of triumph and delight,
Which erst we sung, when from the dreadful fight

Returning victor all the rapturous throng
Of Saints and Angels hail'd thee, wond'rous King,
Almighty Lord, Heav'n's sole eternal heir:
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and O prepare,
Ye living orbs, your everlasting doors,

The King of Glory comes!

What King of Glory?—He, whose puissant might
Subdu'd Abaddon, and th' infernal pow'rs
Of darkness bound in adamant chains:
Who wrapt in glory with the Father reigns
Omnipotent, immortal, infinite!

The Angel ceas'd, and from his flinty bed

The God-redeemer rose:

Lull'd was his care in heav'n-inspir'd repose,
And his sick soul with airs ethereal fed:

Content he rose, O Father, to fulfil

Thy fixt eternal will.

And now the madding crew their Saviour led
Mild as a lamb to slaughter, like a sheep
Before her shearers dumb—But, O my Muse,
Forbear!—Ev'n gnarled oaks for grief would weep,
And the rough rocks their briny tears diffuse,
Should'st thou to Calvary's cleft summit rise,

And there, in colours suited to thy woe,
The torments and stupendous sorrows paint
Of the great suff'ring Saint.—

Oh stop, and from the humble base below

Cast up thy tearful eyes

To where thy Lord, and Love was crucify'd;

So shall the world and all its vanities
Appear like dross—Ambition, Lust, and Pride
Shall far, far off their baleful pow'rs remove,
And in the pure unspotted mind
Nothing remain behind,
But Adoration, Ecstasy, and Love.

SONNET.

*Written by Plato in his younger time of life.—Translated
by Sydenham.*

TAKE the gift that I bestow,
Catch this apple that I throw;
Part of the heap, my fairest, see,
The heap I've treasur'd up for thee.

Take it; and my offer'd love
If, beside, thou dost approve,
In kind return, to my blest arms
Yield up the treasure of thy charms.

But if (how that *but* I hate!
Be it not confirm'd by Fate!)
Thou favour'st not my amorous suit,
Still take my present of the fruit:

Think, when thou behold'st its bloom,
What to-morrow 'twill become:
Think, that if eaten not to-day,
To teeth of Time 'twill fall a prey.

THE FOX-CHACE.

By H. Brooke, Esq;

YOUNG Marcus with the lark salutes the morn—
“ Saddle your horses ; huntsman, wind your horn.”
We start, we rise at the enlivening sound—
The woods all ring—and wind the horn around :
We snatch a short repast within the hall ;
“ To horse ! to horse ! ”—We issue at the call.

As when, to rid his country from alarms
Of Russians inroads, and of Gallic arms,
Great Prussia bids the patriot trump to blow,
The free born gather, and around him glow :
So, at the call of Marcus—grateful sound—
Men, steeds, and dogs, tumultuous pour around.

The youth upon their courfers vault with grace ;
The courfers neigh, impatient for the chase :
Their short and eager steps the bit restrains ;
They paw and pant, reluctant to the reins.

Unfolding gates a spacious passage yield—
Forward we move, and issue to the field.

Far within cover thoughtless Reynard lay,
And slept the riots of the night away,
Late from the ravage of a neighbouring farm,
He had withdrawn, impenitent of harm;
The tainted gales his felon steps pursue,
And tell his travels to the conscious dew.
But he, whom many a 'scape had render'd sure,
For flights and wiles unrival'd, slept secure,
In unsuspecting spirits blithe and bland,
Nor dreams the dreadful reck'ning is at hand.

Trueman, whom for sagacious nose we hail
The chief, first touch'd the scarce distinguish'd gale;
His tongue was doubtful, and no hound replies:
“ Haux!—Wind him—Haux!” the tuneful huntsman
cries.

At once the list'ning pack asunder spread,
With tail erect, and with enquiring head:
With busy nostrils they foretaste their prey,
And snuff the lawn-impearling dews away.

Now here, now there, they chop upon the scent,
Their tongues in undulating æther spent:
More joyous now, and louder by degrees,
Warm and more warm they catch the coming breeze.
Now with full symphony they jointly hail
The welcome tidings of a surer gale;

Along the vale they pour the swelling note ;
Their ears and dewlaps on the morning float.

How vainly art aspires, by rival sounds,
To match the native melody of hounds !
Not eunuchs warbling in the vocal choir,
Tho' join'd by pipe and string, such blifs inspire,
When with joint sense they quaff the tainted gale,
And in full concert ring their morning peal :
The list'ning planets from their orbits bend,
And the still elements with joy attend.

Again the doubtful scent our hope defeats :
“ To cover—hark ! ”—the huntsman's voice repeats.
Wide on the left a neighbouring copse was spread,
And thither the obsequious pack he led.
But more aloof the parting sportsmen scout,
Watch every part, and skirt the wood about.
The huntsman now with expectation flush,
“ Haux, Fox ! ” he cries and strikes the hopeful bush :
To cover straight the spreading hounds now take,
Snuff every tuft, and spy in every brake.
Again the breeze betrays the tainted ground,
And *Lovely* tells the glad some tidings round ;
“ Hark !—*Lovely* !—Hark ! ”—deep echoing glens
 resound. }

Ah hapless Foxes ! ever blind to fate !
Without a cause dejected and elate.

Darkling ye walk unconscious of your end,
Nor mark the gathering mischiefs that impend!
The shrewd and simple share an equal lot—
In death the wizard finds himself a sot.

That luckless morn, when first along the glade
The tell-tale dews his nightly steps betray'd,
Wrapt in soft slumbers, Reynard press'd his bed,
And there on visionary poultry fed.
He dream'd, as by a neighbouring grange he crept,
Couch'd while he mov'd and linger'd as he slept,
Two virgin pullets fix'd his side regard,
Plump from the founding barn and pampering yard:
Near, and more near, he steals with winking eyes,
Then springs at once, and seizes on his prize.
Loud piercing screams th' affrighted welkin fill,
And down his jaws the luscious streams distil.

Ev'n in this rapturous moment, while his taste
Gorg'd the full riot of a fancied feast,
Lovely's near note, far echoing, pierced his ears—
He wakes, and inward shrinks to shun his fears.
Upward he starts—erects his ears—and then
Hears the loud "Hark!"—and down he sinks again.
Trembling he strives to re-assure his heart
With a fresh promise of long prospering art;
Then with sly caution, crouching as he rose,
From his warm kennel's ancient seat he goes;
The seat to which he shall return no more,
Now with chill moss and dropping branches hoar.

Tho' frizzled thickets and thro' yielding sprays,
He thwarts each path and treads a puzzling maze.
So steer'd some devious vessel shifts her sail,
And veering gains upon the adverse gale.

Now, from the mansion of his late repose
Rank steams and reeking exhalations rose:
The tepid vapours are diffus'd around,
And reach the nerves of each inquiring hound:
With answering notes, their heads towards heav'n they
cast,
And in full concert hail the rich repast.

The skulking caitiff, who beneath the spread
Of favouring umbrage veil'd his luckless head,
Close at his ear believes the distant peals,
And a whole host of dæmons at his heels.
His instant terrors cast all wiles away,
He breaks from cover, and demands the day:
O'er the fair field he flies his numerous foes,
And down the wind, as swift as wind he goes.

A watchful scout his bold elopement spies—
“Ho!—tally-ho”—triumphantly he cries.
His rash alarm the gen'rous Marcus blames—
“Law!—give him law!”—as loudly he exclaims.
The distant sportsmen gather at the shout,
As bees they buzz and 'close their chief about;
The fervid youth attending croud the plain,
And bind the crested courfers to the rein.

The choiring hounds, with deep harmonious throats,
Fill'd the charm'd wood, and swell'd the doubling
notes;

Sweeter than those of that enchanting strain
That still'd the surge on the Trinacrian main,
When to the mast, the Grecian, wisely bound,
Scarce dar'd the tempting magic of the sound.

The dogs a travers'd labyrinth unwind,
Subtler than that which Dædalus design'd.
By slow degrees the doubling wile is won,
Trac'd through the shade, and push'd into the sun;
There the broad airs a livelier scent assume,
And greet their senses with a full perfume.
Then, as a shaft from the withholding thong,
They shoot away, and pour the plains along.

No more the youth their eager steeds restrain,
Ardent they start and loose the granted rein:
The steeds spring forth, and from the rein unbound,
Devour the lessening distance of the ground;
They stretch and strain each nerve and active limb,
Sweep down the slopes, and o'er the levels skim.
Their force a generous emulation fires;
Beneath our speed the fleeting earth retires.
In a glad frenzy we attempt the sky;
Nor seem to run, or ride, but mount and fly!

Now lightly o'er opposing walls we bound,
Clear the broad trench, and top the rising mound:

No stop, no time for respite or recess;
On, and still on, fox, dogs, and horses press.

The hounds outbreath'd from their late tuneful
throat

Now break—half short—the disappointed note.
Now o'er the smoaking vale each gen'rous steed
Relaxes from the fervor of his speed:
Push'd up the bray, indignantly they feel
The clanking lash and the retorted steel;
Then down the steep with quick'ning rapture go,
And stretch and sweat upon the plain below.

Athwart one way a tumbling stream was laid
That to the lake its daily tribute paid:
Here the first stop our rapid course delays;
And with a grateful interruption stays.
Upon the bank in watchful silence still,
We breathe the rising freshness of the rill;
We pant—we drop our languid limbs—and all,
Like fainting *Cephalus* on *Aura* call.
Dark as a mist that to the distant view
Caps the brown mountains with a murky blue;
So from our steeds the thick'ning vapours rise,
Enfold their riders and obscure the skies.
The glowing dogs forgetful of their foe,
Full on the stream their headlong bodies throw,
Like iron on the whizzing smithy flung,
And lap, and pant, and loll the length'ning tongue.

Now from the west a livelier gale upsprings,
And with new nerves each listless member strings.
In terms still varying their harmonious sounds,
The huntsman calls and cheers his circling hounds.
Now up, now down, now 'cross the stream he beats—
“ Haux! wind him—Haux!—Fox find him” he repeats,
Now round and round a fruitless search he plies,
And now a tour of wider circuit tries.
But no intelligence rewards his care;
No note confess'd the fox was ever there—
As though some opening gulph had gorg'd our prey,
Or sudden power had snatch'd him quite away.

But Reynard, hotly push'd and close pursu'd,
Yet fruitful in expedients to elude,
When to the bourn's refreshing bank he came,
Had plung'd, all reeking in the friendly stream.
The folding waves his failing powers restore,
And close the gates of every fuming pore.
Then down the channel, over flats and steeps,
He steals, and trots—or wades, or swims, or creeps;
Till where the pebbled shores the surges break,
He quits his feet and launches on the lake.

As when some coasting skiff, with shatter'd geers,
A cautious course 'twixt land and ocean steers,
Fearful alike on either dang'rous hand,
To trust the boist'rous sea or faithless land.
Possess'd of equal fears and equal lore,
So Reynard coasts aloof, and shuns the shore,

Left the uncover'd odour should exhale,
And tell sure tidings to the trait'rous gale.

Not distant far, upon the beach there stood
The hoary growth of a majestic wood,
Whose age of oak and intervening yew
Not the great-grandfires of the living knew:
The flooring deep, beneath the distant shade,
With thorn and frizzling brush was thick inlaid,
While clamouring rooks, scarce heard above our head,
Amid the cloud-commingling branches bred.

Here Reynard lands, all dripping from the lake,
And seeks the shelter of his wonted brake.
Arriv'd, he shakes, and rolls, and turns him round,
Then ent'ring sinks o'ertoil'd upon the ground:
Stretch'd at full length, secure of care he lies,
And instant slumber seals his willing eyes.

The chop-fall'n hounds mean time are heard no more,
But silent range along the winding shore.
Hopeless alike the hunters lag behind,
And give all thoughts of Reynard to the wind—
All, save one wily rival of his art,
Who vows unpitying vengeance e'er they part.
Along the coast his watchful course he bent,
Careful to catch and wind the thwarting scent;
And last, to make his boastful promise good,
Enter'd the precincts of the fatal wood.

There thro' the gloom he leads one hopeless train,
And cheers the long desponding pack in vain;
Till *Ringwood* first the faint effluvia caught,
And with loud tongue reform'd their old default,

Rous'd at the swell of that reviving sound,
Our hopes re-kindle and our hearts rebound,
Eager we spread through furze and ming'ling brush,
And lash the woof of each afflicted bush,
While here and there the busy dogs reveal
The languid tidings of the dubious gale.

Meanwhile the fox, unconscious of the chase,
Repair'd his late fatigues, and slept in peace;
Nor mark'd the cry of many a hostile tongue
That thro' the copious forest loudly rung,
Till a bold youth approach'd his thoughtless bed,
And struck the bower that trembled o'er his head.

As when amazed upstartd Manoa's heir,
Shorn of his strength and his enchanted hair,
While his peal'd ears receiv'd the hostile sound
Of shouting foes that girt his couch around,
So Reynard wakes with sudden horrors chill,
Scant of his force, and shorten'd of his skill.
Bold thro' despair, he breaks at once away,
Bounds thro' the brush, and rushes into day!
The fields, the shores, the hills, each wood resounds
With echoing hunters and with opening hounds:

Rocks, waters, undulating air and sky
Become one peal, and propagate the cry.
From the firm land and from the trembling lake,
Full on our ears the tuneful thunders break,
Roll o'er the waves, and strike the distant coast,
And far beyond, 'mid heaven-topt hills, are lost.

Again we start, we bound, we stretch amain
O'er the brown heath and o'er the bright champaign:
Again o'er gates we fly, thro' hedges rush,
Thro' moorlands labour, and thro' thickets push.
Intense again our gath'ring fervor grows—
Again the courfers smook—the rider glows:
Distinguish'd steeds their fellow steeds outwind,
And leave their late associates far behind;
While laggard hounds, that form a length'ned train,
Run, hoarse, and mute, and panting o'er the plain.

O'erbreath'd we come, where, 'twixt impending
hills,
Ran the joint current of two gurgling rills,
On either hand, adown each fearful steep
Hung forth the shaggy horrors, dark and deep:
Here, thro' brown umbrage, glow'd the vivid green,
And head-long slopes, and winding paths between;
Growth above many a growth, tall trees arose,
The tops of these scarce-veil'd the roots of those;
A winding court where wandering Fancy walk'd
And to herself responsive Echo talk'd.

Here, stay'd again, we hail the kind delay,
And down the shadowy paths delighted stray;
The gath'ring pack unite, and enter in,
Then spread, and pierce the darkness of the glen.
Now here, now there, now sole, and now combin'd,
They catch the wand'ring odour from the wind;
Thro' many a traverse many-twirling maze,
And all the wond'rous wisdom of his ways,
The Fox they trace, unrav'ling as they go,
Discreetly sure, and musically slow;
Now in joint harmony they pour their notes,
And Echo answers from ten thousand throats.
From hill to hill, with replicated sounds,
The peal rolls down the glen, and still rebounds,
Packs beyond packs seem sweetly to reply,
And waft to distant climes the lessening cry.

At length, from path to path, and glade to glade,
Midst woven thickets and impending shade,
Thro' the steep wilderness their way they won,
And reach'd the shelve that open'd to the sun:
Then up the slope they speed them, swift as wind,
As swift the hunters press, and shout behind.

But now no more our courfers pull the rein
O'er the firm greenward, or expanded plain,
Thro' rude and craggy grounds, thro' miry clay,
We urge with peril our o'er-labour'd way,
Cast, here and there along the dang'rous course,
Lies spread the rider, and the flound'ring horse;

But onward still the foremost press, nor mind
To ask for luckless friends that limp behind.
At last the bottom of a mount we reach'd,
Whose top from sea to sea its prospect stretch'd,
And seem'd a look of stately scorn to throw
On the proud works of little men below.

With half a pack, and scarcely half a train,
We dare all dangers, and all toil disdain;
The dogs near faint, yet still on slaughter bent,
With tongues abrupt avow the burning scent;
The pending cliffs audaciously essay,
And trot, or crawl, or climb their desperate way.
While slanting we avoid the head-long deep,
Yet bend, press on, and labour up the steep.

Where the brow beetling from the mountain sprung
With stunted thorn and shaggy rocks o'erhung,
Beneath whose base a sanded bench, with shade
Of furze and tangling thicket was o'erlaid,
Reynard his palace kept, his regal seat,
His fort of sure resource and last retreat;
The rest were but the mansions of a night,
For casual respite, or for fresh delight.

Here a Vulcânian *Cacus* erst was said
To hale the carcases whose blood he shed;
Or as in rolls of old romance we read
Of ravening giants, an enormous breed,

With grizly bones who hung their spacious bower,
Dire trophies of their cruelty and power:
So bones and blood did Reynard's hall distain;
And whit'ning skeletons confess'd the slain;
Hens, leverets, lambs—sad trophies of his art,
His raging appetite and ruthless heart.
To this dead fort, with many a hard essay,
We win with peril our o'er-labour'd way;
At length our journey, not our work is done,
The way indeed, but not the fort is won.

Here, had the felon earth'd—with many a hound
And many a horse we gird his hold around:
The hounds 'fore heaven their accusation spread,
And cry for justice on his caitiff head.

Meanwhile with cutlasses we clear each bush
Of platted black-thorn and of stubborn brush,
Remove the covert of befriending night,
And on the cavern's entrance pour the light.—
Aghast, and trembling in the burst of day,
With haggard eyes the shrinking savage lay;
In vain he glares his desperate glance around,
No scape—no stratagem—no hope is found!
He dies!—he dies! the echoing hills reply,
And the loud triumph rends the vaulted sky.

THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE**TO HIS MASTER,***Who had sentenced him to die at the end of Summer.*

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say?

And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?

A little longer let me live, I pray;

A little longer hobble round thy door!

For much it glads me to behold this place,

And house me in this hospitable shed:

It glads me more to see my master's face,

And linger on the spot where I was bred.

For O! to think of what we both enjoy'd,

In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!

Then from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,

My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,

Since first to thee these way-worn limbs I gave;

Sweet smiling years! when both of us were young,

The kindest master, and the happiest slave!

Ah years sweet smiling! now for ever flown!

Ten years thrice told, alas, are as a day!

Yet, as together we are aged grown,

Together let us wear that age away!

For still the older times are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
Light were our hearts, and ev'ry season brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near SCARING's stream,
My ready steps were bent to yonder grove,
Where she who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,
And I, thy more than messenger of love!

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,
And throb'd alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee to thy fair one's arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And hast THOU fix'd my doom, sweet master, say!
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray!
A little longer hobble round thy door!

Yet ah! in vain, in vain, for life I plead,
If Nature hath denied a longer date:
Still do not THOU behold thy servant bleed,
Tho' weeping Pity has decreed his fate.

But O, kind Nature! take thy victim's life!
End THOU a servant, feeble, old, and poor!
So shalt thou save me from th' uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

SONG.

By Lord Littleton.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every blifs must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

EQUALITY.

By Dr. Dodd.

Quoth Thomas to William, "that Numskull behold!
"How he lolls in his chariot, embellish'd with gold!
"With his sleek courtly slaves in rich liveries behind:
"Ten thousand a year, with so senseless a mind!

"How unequal the Deity things doth dispense!

"Such wealth to a wretch without feeling or sense!"

"Hold, Thomas, said William, too fast you proceed,

"You take but one side of the question indeed:

"Suppose me of power to say to yourself,

"Here, presto, Sir Murmurer, change with that elf,

"Give to him, what I gave you, refinement of soul,

"Sense, feeling, discernment, wit, taste,—quit the whole:

"In an instant, come take his ten thousands,—vile pence—

"Be him, such a dolt, without feeling or sense."

You hesitate, Tom—"My good friend, he reply'd,

"I feel I am wrong; you have truth on your side:

"The Deity, henceforth, I'll thank and revere—

"A Mind is a balance for thousands a year."

EPIGRAM.

On a Young Lady's refusing to shew her hand.

No argument could Celia move,
With strong reluctance still she strove
Her lovely hand to hide:

The case is plain, she was afraid
That plac'd in view, it might be said,
'Twas by her hand they dy'd.

*EPIGRAM.**By M. de Maucroix.*

So zealously why will my friend
To take a wife incessant press me ?
I'm well aware what joys attend,
If heaven in my choice should bless me.

But can one be too circumspect ?
'Tis dang'rous vent'ring on a wife !
Some sound philosophers direct
—A man should think on't all his life.

*FROM AN ODE TO REFLECTION.**By Mrs. Robinson.*

BEHOLD the wretch, whose sordid heart,
Steep'd in Content's oblivious balm,
Secure in Luxury's bewitching calm,
Repels pale Mis'ry's touch, and mocks Affliction's smart :
Unmov'd he marks the bitter tear ;
In vain the plaints of Woe his thoughts assail ;
The bashful mourner's piteous tale
Nor melts his flinty soul, nor vibrates on his ear.

O, blest REFLECTION! let thy magic pow'r
Awake his torpid sense, his slumb'ring thought;
Tell him, ADVERSITY's unpitied hour
A brighter lesson gives, than stoics taught:
Tell him, that WEALTH no blessing can impart
So sweet as PITY's tear—that bathes the wounded heart.

Go, tell the vain, the insolent, and fair,
That life's best days are only days of care;
That BEAUTY, flutt'ring like a painted fly,
Owes to the spring of youth its rarest dye;
When winter comes, its charms shall fade away,
And the poor insect wither in decay:
Go, bid the giddy phantom learn from thee,
That VIRTUE only braves Mortality!

FROM AN ODE TO MEDITATION.

By the Same.

SWEET CHILD OF REASON! maid serene;
With folded arms and pensive mien,
Who, wand'ring near yon thorny wild,
So oft my length'ning hours beguil'd.
How oft with thee I've stroll'd unseen
O'er the lone valley's velvet green;
And brush'd away the twilight dew
That stain'd the cowslip's golden hue:

Oft as I ponder'd o'er the scene,
Would Mem'ry picture to my heart
How full of grief my days have been,
How swiftly rapt'rous hours depart;
Then would'st thou sweetly reasoning say—
“TIME journeys thro' the roughest day.”

The HERMIT from the world retir'd,
By calm Religion's voice inspir'd,
Tells how serenely time glides on,
From crimson morn till setting sun;
Within his breast nor sorrows mourn,
Nor cares perplex, nor passions burn;
No jealous fears, or boundless joys,
The tenor of his mind destroys.
He blesses HEAV'N's benign decree,
That gave his days to PEACE and THEE.

The gentle MAID, whose roseate bloom
Fades fast within a cloyster's gloom;
Far by relentless FATE remov'd
From all her youthful fancy lov'd;
Led by THY downy hand, she strays
Along the green dell's tangled maze;
Where, thro' dank leaves, the whisp'ring show'rs
Awake to life the fainting flow'rs.
Absorb'd by THEE, she hears no more
The distant torrent's fearful roar;
The well-known VESPER's silver tone;
The bleak wind's desolating moan;

No more she weeps at Fate's decree,
But yields her pensive soul to THEE.

The SAGE, whose palsy'd head bends low
'Midst scatter'd locks of silv'ry snow;
Still by his MIND's clear lustre tells
What warmth within his bosom dwells;
How glows his heart with treasur'd lore,
How rich in Wisdom's boundless store!
He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
With Resignation's fainted beam;
And, as the weeping star of Morn
Sheds lustre on the wither'd thorn,
His tear benign calm comfort throws
O'er rugged Life's corroding woes;
His pious soul's enlighten'd rays
Dart forth, to gild his wint'ry days;
He smiles serene at Heav'n's decree,
And his last hour resigns to THEE.

Oft my full heart to THEE hath flown,
And wept for mis'ries not its own;
Oft have I sunk upon THY breast,
And lull'd my weary mind to rest;
'Till I have own'd the blest decree,
That gave my soul to PEACE and THEE.

*FROM THE FADED BOUQUET.**By the Same.*

FAIR was this blushing ROSE of May,
And ev'ry spangl'd leaf look'd gay;
Sweet was this PRIMROSE of the dale,
When on it's native turf it grew;
And deck'd with charms this LILY pale;
And rich this VIOLET's purple hue.

This od'rous WOODBINE fill'd the grove
With musky gales of balmy pow'r,
When with the MYRTLE interwove,
It hung luxuriant round my bow'r.

Ah, ROSE! forgive the hand severe,
That snatch'd thee from thy scented bed;
Where, bow'd with many a pearly tear,
Thy widow'd partner droops it's head:

And thou, sweet VIOLET, modest flow'r,
O take my sad relenting sigh!
Nor strain the breast whose glowing pow'r
With too much fondness bade thee die.

Sweet LILLY, had I never gaz'd
With rapture on your gentle form,
You might have died, unknown, unprais'd,
The victim of some ruthless storm.

Inconstant WOODBINE, wherefore rove
With gadding stem about my bow'r?
Why, with my darling MYRTLE wove,
In bold defiance mock my pow'r?

Yet, yet, repine not, tho' stern FATE
Hath nipt thy leaves of varying hue;
Since all that's lovely, soon or late,
Shall sick'ning fade—and die like you.

HENRY AND ELIZA.

A Ballad founded on facts.

ELIZA was beyond compare,
The pride of all the plain,
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,
Ador'd by every swain.

Tho' Nature had each charm combin'd,
The beauteous maid to grace,
And bade the sweetness of her mind
Stand pictur'd in her face;

Yet Fortune, from her earliest years,
A fate disastrous wove;
And doom'd her to an age of tears,
For one short hour of love.

In childhood's helpless state, bereft
Of parents' watchful care;
Her inexperience'd youth was left
A prey to every snare.

One only fault the maid possess'd—
—If that a fault we deem—
A tender, unsuspecting breast,
Too lavish of esteem.

Unvers'd in woes that others find,
In wiles that others fear;
Artless herself, she thought mankind
Were, like herself, sincere.

But ah! ere yet the luckless maid
Had fifteen summers run,
Her faith and honour were betray'd—
Her virtue was undone.

Young HENRY, with successful art,
To win her favour strove;
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,
And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each soft resistless charm,
With each persuasive pow'r,
He still'd Discretion's kind alarm,
And cropp'd the virgin flow'r.

Her orphan state, her tender years,
Her pure unspotted fame,
Serv'd but to hush his guilty fears,
And fan his lawless flame.

By Honour's dictates unrestrain'd,
By Faith nor Justice sway'd;
That confidence his vows obtain'd,
His perfidy betray'd.—

So poor ELIZA's hapless fate
Fill'd HENRY's breast with care;
Nor could the vain parade of state
Protect him from despair.

He saw the beauties once he priz'd,
All wither in their bloom,
By lawless passion sacrific'd
Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd Honour look
Its author in the face?
Or how could suff'ring Virtue brook
Invektive and disgrace?

No sorrows could afford relief,
No penitence atone;
The sigh she gave to others' grief,
She wanted for her own.

The partners of her youthful years
Unpitying her distress,
Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,
Nor strove to make them less.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,
To former friendship cold;
And left her in Affliction's day,
Uncherish'd unconsol'd.

So ever thro' the world we find
Each breast at woe recoils,
And all the favours of mankind
But last while Fortune smiles.

Too just, life's guilty joys t' endure,
Too weak its thorns to brave;
No friend but Death she could procure,
No comfort but the grave.

Awhile she Heav'n's forgiveness pray'd,
For errors long confess;
Then fought the solitary shade,
And silent sunk to rest.

Hard-fortun'd sex! in every state,
From Custom's rigid pow'r,
Years of remorse can't expiate
One inadvertent hour.

Unskill'd in life's precarious way,
Should Love their bosoms burn,
And yielding Nature chance to stray,
They never can return.

In vain they with repentant sighs
Their sad experience mourn;
E'en those who ought to sympathize,
Abandon them with scorn.

Say why, ye virgins, who bestow
On most Compassion's tear;
The pangs alone yourselves may know,
You thus refuse to cheer?

O! rather kindly condescend
To aid the drooping fair;
Your mercy with your justice blend,
And snatch them from despair.

ELIZA's death, when HENRY heard,
He gave a piteous groan;
The censure of the world he fear'd,
But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crouds and courts,
Guilt every blifs destroys;
Intruded on his morning sports,
And damp'd his evening joys.

At length, with constant grief o'ercome,
With anguish, and dismay;
He hied him to the lonely tomb
Which held ELIZA's clay.

There weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,
Of all existence tir'd;
He cast his streaming eyes around,
And mournfully expir'd.

Thus warn'd, ye fair, with caution arm
'Gainst man's perfidious arts;
Since youth and beauty vainly charm
When honour once departs.

Let Hymen's sacred hands unite,
Where passion is declar'd;
Give sanction to approv'd delight,
And authorize regard.

So shall no rankling cares annoy,
No tears unceasing flow;
So shall you feel a mother's joy,
Without a mother's woe.

MONODY,

To the Memory of a Young Lady, who died in Child-bed.

By Mr. Shaw.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all;
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest EMMA's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no
more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Wou'd chide the ling'ring moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O mis'ry past a cure!)
Hours, days and years successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of Heav'n partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Tho' mild as ev'ning skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows?

Come, then, some muse, the saddest of the train,
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O! discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of
grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity cease—alas! I know too well:
How, in her sweet, expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd:
No piteous object could she see,

But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
Whilst smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to ev'ry female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise:
And O the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!
Relentless Death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murd'rous hands deals havock on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! Groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!
The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—Perverse, still on th' unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

Alas! the day—where-e'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The mem'ry can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost: and nought remains but anguish and
despair.

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh where!
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force th' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's
heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears!
“ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
“ And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
“ But oh! if e'er thy EMMA's name was dear,
“ If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;

“ If, from thy lov’d embrace my heart to gain,
“ Proud friends have frown’d, and Fortune smil’d in
“ vain;
“ If it has been my sole endeavour, still
“ To act in all, obsequious to thy will;
“ To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
“ Then only truly blest when thou wert so:
“ If I have doated with that fond excess,
“ Nor Love cou’d add, nor Fortune make it less;
“ If this I’ve done, and more—oh then be kind
“ To the dear lovely babe I leave behind,
“ When time my once-lov’d memory shall efface,
“ Some happier maid may take thy EMMA’s place,
“ With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
“ And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
“ My dearest S—— forgive a woman’s fears,
“ But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
“ Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
“ (Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
“ That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
“ This fatal pledge of hapless Emma’s love,
“ Where, safe, thy blandishments it may partake,
“ And oh! be tender for its mother’s sake.
“ Wilt thou?——
“ I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
“ And in that pleasing hope thy EMMA dies con-
“ tent.”

I, who, with more than manly strength, have bore
The various ills impos’d by cruel fate,

Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heav'n (I cry'd) from Mem'ry's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her
death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither wou'd this dreadful frenzy lead;
Fond man forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heav'n's high will decreed;
In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflicted rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heav'n in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach:
To wean thy heart from grov'ling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,

Which tow'ring Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy EMMA die in vain:
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disast'rous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile and spends its little rage:
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile, in sullen mood,
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heav'n—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours that laughing went to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:

How shall I cheat the tedious day?

And O—the joyless night!

Where shall I rest my weary head?

How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,

To my torn heart its former peace restore;

Thy vot'ry, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,

Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:

Haply, when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,

Again I shall behold my EMMA's face;

Again with transport hear

Her voice, soft whisp'ring in my ear;

May steal once more a balmy kiss,

And taste, at least, of visionary blifs.

But ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light

Will all my shadowy schemes of blifs depose,

Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,

And wake me to the sense of all my woes:

If to the verdant fields I stray,

Alas! what pleasures *now* can these convey?

Her lovely form pursues where e'er I go,

And darkens all the scene with woe.

By Nature's lavish bounties chear'd no more,

Sorrowing I rove

Through valley, grot, and grove;

Nought can *their* beauties or *my* loss restore;

No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,

And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

Sickness and Sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
Who *now* with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Afwage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who *now* shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Shou'd aught my bosom discompose,
Who *now* with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Mem'ry—Cease, O cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her)—but how vain each art,
Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad mem'ry of my joys—ah now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear!)

Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She who with doating eyes, wou'd gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tend'rest love:
And O! sweet, senseless smiler (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgement shall mature,
And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' aswage,
For virtue prove the phoenix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age!
When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my EMMA's wonted care supply?
And oft, as, to thy list'ning ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou see'st the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

AN

EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By the Same.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe,

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
For surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove!

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas, for BOTH, I weep—
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe, that shou'd have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!

In vain from Death to rescue I essay'd,
By ev'ry art that Science cou'd devise,
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd it's flight to seek her in the skies—
Then O our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of Wealth and Fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt *thou* cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love:
But O for *me* in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
“That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,
“Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
“The bitterness of sorrow shou'd remove,

“ Soften the horrors of despair,
“ And clear a heart long lost to joy!”
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur’d on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate wou’d vainly trace,
And burn with all a father’s fond alarms!
And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign’d,
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till ev’ry aching sense was sweetly pain’d,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
utter more.—

“ Just Heav’n,” I cry’d—with recent hopes elate,
“ Yet I will live—will live, tho’ EMMA’s dead—
“ So long bow’d down beneath the storms of Fate,
“ Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
“ My *little* EMMA, now my ALL,
“ Will want a father’s care,
“ Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recall,
“ And for her sake the ills of life I’ll bear:
“ And oft together we’ll complain,
“ Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
“ From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,
“ And prattle tales of woe:
“ And O in that auspicious hour,
“ When Fate resigns her persecuting pow’r,
“ With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
“ No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
“ When Death gives Misery repose,
“ And opes a glorious passage to the skies.”

Vain thought! it must not be—She too is dead—

The flattering scene is o'er—

My hopes for ever—ever fled—

And Vengeance can no more—

Crush'd by Misfortune—blasted by Disease—

And none—none left, to bear a friendly part!

To meditate my welfare, health or ease,

Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,

With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)

Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,

And dry up ev'ry tear:

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,

But ah! from my affections far remov'd!

The last sad office strangers may fulfill,

As if I ne'er had been belov'd;

As if unconscious of poetic fire,

I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,

As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,

Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,

While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd

strain,

In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,

And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:

For O how grateful to a wounded heart,

The tale of misery to impart!

From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,

And raise esteem upon the base of woe!

Ev'n HE, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

FEARFUL LOVE.

From Metastasio.

GENTLE zephyr, as you fly,
If you kiss my fair-one's ear,
Whisper soft that you're a sigh;—
But from whose heart she must not hear.
Limpid rill, if e'er my love,
Near thy gurgling runnel rove;
Murmur that from tears you rise,
But tell her not from whose sad eyes.

AGAINST INGRATITUDE.

From the Same.

E'EN yon low shrub, whose senseless form
Nor life inspires, nor passions warm,
A grateful recompence bestows
On the kind brook by which it grows;

For since from thence the plant receives
The verdant beauty of its leaves,
The grateful plant, from sun beams throws
Shade to the stream from whence it rose.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF POMPEY:

*A favourite Dog belonging to Capt. Harrison.**By Mr. Rugeley.*

WHILST venal hirelings prostitute their lays,
And o'er the dust of titled greatness mourn;
Whilst Sculpture's mercenary hand portrays
Deeds unachiev'd upon th' indignant urn;

Shall modest worth, in endless night to rot,
Unnotic'd sink to the devouring grave,
And not a stone where POMPEY lies denote?
No verse his merits from oblivion save?

Forbid it Gratitude!—No, SUSAN haste,
Though from the kitchen-fire with kicks and blows
Thou oft hast POMPEY driv'n, when in thy breast,
With tears repented now, fierce choler rose:

Haste, SUSAN! o'er his mould'ring carcase rear
The pious stone, and whilst thou shalt recount
His matchless virtues, mixt with many a tear,
Myself, too weeping, will inscribe them on't.

Oh! may the gay, too sprightly LAURA, mov'd
 By the recital of our artless tale,
 Lament him dead, whom whilst in life she lov'd,
 For not unlov'd of LAURA, POMPEY fell.

Oft' has she seen when JOHN, oppress'd with sloth,
 Constrain'd poor POMP' the cumb'rous load to drag;
 Or, trotting by her side, has in his mouth
 Borne the work-basket, or her knotting-bag.

SUSAN begin—Beneath his guard we've slept
 By midnight thieves and murd'ers undisturb'd;
 His clamours suffer'd none t' approach, except
 Our favourite WILL—his zeal here Prudence curb'd.

Whene'er our mistress has return'd from BECK's,
 With empty'd purse, and breast with anger swol'n;
 Tir'd with such voles!—such beasts! as saints would
 vex!—

How often POMPEY from her side has stol'n!

Then have we heard him, through the gloom of night,
 Bark horrid, to inform us when she's nigh;
 And thus admonish us at home to quit
 POPE JOAN, or LOO, and counterfeit employ.

Or, when our master travers'd back How-hill,
 POMP ran before, and his approach proclaim'd;
 And, ere he enter'd the court-garden, WILL
 Beneath the dreser, or the sink was cramm'd.

When tarts or custards were devour'd, when'er
 China was broken, or the saucers spilt;
 POMPEY, though innocent, was wont to bear,
 Without repining, the imputed guilt.

Yet nor thy faith, nor services avail'd
 The unrelenting hand of Fate to stay;
 As all men, soon or late, to death must yield,
 So ev'ry dog, sad truth! must have his day.

What though no friends in sable vestures clad,
 Dissembling woe, perform'd thy fun'ral rites;
 What though no gorgeous monument, to tread
 Around thy tomb, the curious Sage excites;

Yet oft as SUSAN views thy grave, she'll stop
 To tell thy praises, and with many a thump,
 Reclin'd in doleful posture o'er her mop,
 Beating her pensive breast, cry—Here lies POMP!

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

By Mr. Cowper.

FORC'D from home and all its pleasures,
 Afric's waste I left forlorn;
 To increase a stranger's treasures,
 O'er the raging billows borne:

Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But tho' theirs they have inroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion,
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think ye, Masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted,
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there ONE who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark, he answers!—wild tornadoes
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which he speaks:
He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrant's habitations
 Where the whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main:
By our sufferings since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading smart;
Ail sustain'd with patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers;
Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere ye proudly question our's.

THE AFRICAN BOY.

By the Same.

AH! tell me little mournful Moor,
Why still you linger on the shore?
Haste to your play-mates, haste away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay;
When Morn unveil'd her radiant eye
You hail'd me as I wander'd by,
Returning at th' approach of Eve
Your meek salute I still receive.
Benign enquirer, thou shalt know
Why here my lonesome moments flow:
'Tis said, thy countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)
Return to blefs, to raise, to chear,
And pay Compassion's long arrear.
'Tis said, the numerous captive train,
Late bound by the degrading chain,
Triumphant come with swelling sails,
Mid smiling seas and western gales;
They come, with festive heart and glee,
Their hands unshackl'd—minds as free;
They come, at Mercy's great command,
To re-possefs their native land.

The gales that o'er the ocean stray,
And chase the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whisper as they fly,
JUELLEN soon will meet thine eye:
'Tis this that soothes her little son,
Blends all his wishes into one!
Ah! were I clasp'd in her embrace,
I would forgive her past disgrace;
Forgive the memorable hour
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r;
Forgive her lost distracted air,
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r;
The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheeks,
And last, her agonizing shrieks:
Lock'd in her hair a ruthless hand,
Trail'd her along the flinty strand;
A ruffian trade, with clamours rude,
The impious spectacle pursued;
Still as she mov'd in accents mild,
She cry'd aloud—My child! my child!
The lofty bark she now ascends,
With screams of woe the air she rends;
The vessel less'ning from the shore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more:
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,
Her distant form dissolv'd away.
That day is past—I cease to mourn—
Succeeding joy shall have its turn:
Beside the hoarse resounding deep,
A pleasing anxious watch I keep;

For when the morning cloud shall break,
And darts of day the darkness streak,
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
Oh! may this hope not throb in vain,
To meet these long desiring eyes,
JUELLEN and the Sun may rise!

THE MORNING DREAM.

By the Same.

'Twas in the glad season of Spring
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamt what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay;
I dreamt that on Ocean afloat,
Far west from fair Albion I sail'd;
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impressed with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before:
She sat, and a shield by her side,
Shed light like a sun on the waves;
And smiling, divinely she cried,
"I go to make Freemen of Slaves."

Then raising her voice to a strain,
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave-broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd :
Some clouds which had over us hung
Fled chas'd by her melody clear ;
And, methought, while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a Demon her enemy stood,
Oppression his terrible name :
In his hand, as the sign of sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore ;
And stood looking out for his prey,
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbru'd :
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expir'd,
Heard shouts which ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse,
On what such a dream might betide ?

But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which serv'd my weak thoughts for a guide:
That BRITANNIA renown'd o'er the waves,
For the hatred she ever has shewn
To the black-scepter'd ruler of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

GRATITUDE.—AN ODE.

By Dr. Dodd.

AWAKE, awake, the grateful lyre,
With rapture touch each tuneful string;
SPIRIT OF LOVE, my voice inspire,
And aid me while the Saviour's praise I sing.
Blessed MASTER, whence to me
All this rich benignity?
Call'd from nothing, form'd from earth,
Thine my being, Thine my birth;
What had I, alas! to claim?
Freely all thy bounties came!
If I wonder, why more free
Flow those bounties, Lord, to me,
Than to thousand' sons of dust,
Who prefer a claim as just?

All researches fruitless prove;
—'Tis the LORD, and it is Love.

Ah me! Behold yon' brother toil
Up that sandy hill's high length,
With feeble steps and slow; the while
The thirsty sun-beams drink up all his strength!

And his back a burden bears,
And his head is white with cares;
On his cheek sits Want, all-pale,
And his languid eye-balls fail;
Labour, Penury, and he
Hand in hand, a woeful three!
Tottering on her staff behind,
Weak in body, sad in mind,
Lo—up she drags her weary frame,
His long-approv'd industrious dame;
Sighing oft as on she goes,
Revolving all her long life's woes!

Tell me, oh tell, ye aged pair,
As my flaunting wheels whirl by,
Can ye behold me, seated here

With other than a discontented eye?—

I marvel not; and, gracious Heav'n,
If aught, sure this may be forgiv'n.
How they labour! while I ride,
Dear affection by my side.
Full health mantling in my eye,
Gladness, peace, vivacity!

Soothing Friendship gives her balm;
 Soft Content her happy calm:
 "Plenty wears me at her breast,"
 "Pleasure lulls my soul to rest."
 Every hope and fear flows even,
 From their source, firm faith in Heav'n!

THRICE HOLY!—whence such love to me!
 These, these are thine, as well as I:
 My fellow-christians, dear to Thee—
 For,—ah! for them Thou did'st not scorn to die!
 Let me then the thought improve
 Into gratitude and love:
 Come, and make my heart Thy home,
 Humanity, bright cherub, come;
 And my inmost soul impress
 With sympathetic tenderness:
 Time prolong but to bestow
 Balm to every brother's woe:
 Love I ask—may Love be giv'n;
 God is Love,—and Love is Heav'n.

THE TEAR.

Said to be written by the late Queen of Denmark.

How prone the bosom is to sigh,
 How prone to weep the human eye!
 As through this painful life we steer,
 This valley of a sigh and TEAR.

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With every comfort that can cheer,
'Tis then bright VIRTUE's *grateful* TEAR.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends, long absent, meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love sincere,
'Tis then sweet FRIENDSHIP's *joyful* TEAR.

When two fond lovers, doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then, O then, the *parting* TEAR.

When wretches on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd,
(The end of earthly beings near)
'Tis then soft PITY's *gentle* TEAR.

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion colours grace,
A pearly drop should once appear,
'Tis then the *lovely beauteous* TEAR.

When Mothers, O, the grateful sight!
Their children view with fond delight,
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the *fond maternal* TEAR.

When lovers see the beauteous maid
 To whom their fond attention's paid,
 With conscious blushing fobs draw near,
 'Tis then, O then, the *pleading* TEAR.

When two dear friends of kindred mind,
 By every gen'rous tie combin'd,
 Behold their dreaded parting near,
 'Tis then, O then, the *parting* TEAR.

But when the wretch with sin oppress'd,
 Strikes in an agony his breast;
 All torn with guilt, remorse, and fear,
 'Tis then the *best*, the *saving* TEAR.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

DEJECTION.

COMPELL'D by a passion most pure,
 I rose with the loud-singing lark,
 In hopes of my charmer secure,
 Cross'd over the lawn of the park

The smiles of Aurora I hail'd,
 But I wanted my PHILLIDA's smile;
 In pursuit of the charmer I fail'd,
 And fear she despises my toil.

Farewell to the daisy-dress'd mead—

Dejection! I fly to thy cell!

For some other more wealthy decreed,

Is PHILLIDA destin'd, they tell.

Cease warblers, your songs; and henceforward be
mute!

For my Muse is in sorrow, and silent my flute.

JEALOUSY.

I gather'd the violet so blue:

Its colour spoke peace to my breast;

An emblem of love that is true

My love for my fair-one express'd.

The primrose invited my view,

I lik'd not its colour so pale,

Expressive of jealousy too—

I left it to fade in the vale.

Such caution 'twere needless to take,

For PHILLIDA yester was seen,

With gifts of a swain at the wake,

And at night shar'd his dance on the green.

Since Jealousy's poison has harrow'd my breast,

Adieu, ye soft blossoms of comfort and rest!

CONSOLATION.

THE Flower of Love have you seen,
Ye shepherds who honour the May?
Delightfully sweet is its mien,
When warm'd by Aurora's first ray.

So PHILLIDA's smiles to my breast
Contentment and pleasure impart.—
The Sun was set down in the west,
When I bow'd to the pride of my heart.

As ling'ring we travers'd the vale,
The suit of her shepherd she heard:—
More sweet than the rose-breathing gale
Were her lips when she utter'd the word.

A pleasing delirium steals over my breast,
For my PHILLIDA's hand strews the poppies of
rest.

CONSUMMATION.

TWO roses twin sisters that grew,
Of turtles a pair from their nest,
Begirt with a ribbon of blue,
The sweet nuptial union express.

Dear emblems of innocent bliss,
Did you merit my PHILLIDA's smile?
Your presents I seal'd with a kiss,
And bade a farewell to my toil.

Next morning our gay village band
To church my dear PHILLIDA bore;
With pleasure I gave her my hand;
My heart had been her's long before.

And now, gentle Hymen, your blessings bestow;
The turtles shall bill, and the roses shall blow.

SONG.

By Dr. Hoadly.

WHEN Chloe try'd her virgin fires,
And first her shafts let fly;
She fill'd my breast with vague desires—
—I thought it was her eye.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
Which gods might wish to sip;
When all was harmony and truth,—
—I thought it was her lip.

But when she danc'd! such air, such grace,
 What mortal cou'd escape?
 I look'd no longer on her face;
 I swore it was her shape.

When seen by chance, her breast bespoke
 The purity within,
 Her snowy arm—her iv'ry neck—
 —'Twas then, her lovely skin.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
 My bosom did enthrall:
 —'Twas *sense*, I found, the happy grace,
 That gave a charm to all.

EPITAPH.

By Dr. Doddridge.

HERE rests secure, within this narrow cell,
 A youth to pain and disappointment known;
 Pride mock'd his birth, and Envy smil'd to tell
 The hour when sorrow mark'd him for her own.

Fix'd on *one* object was his soul sincere!
 But Heav'n the recompense of love deny'd:
 Long hov'ring o'er th' extremes of hope and fear,
 Oppress'd by fate he sunk, despair'd, and dy'd.

No farther seek his mis'ries to disclose,
Nor let pale Envy trample on his tomb:
Here let his hapless head enjoy repose,
And leave to Mercy and to God his doom.

ODE TO WISDOM.

By Miss Carter.

THE solitary bird of night
Through the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful feat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-coloured dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
"That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
Blest source of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
Afsist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But, taught by thy unerring rules
To shew the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r;
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
These glitt'ring envied toys divide,
The dull rewards of Care!

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,

Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid eye
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointing ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of Truth,
And felt its just controul:
The Passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife :
Thine are Retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties,
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabl'd names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight :
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Through life's perplexing road;
The mists of Error to controul,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly,
Of Folly's painted show:
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

EPITAPH.

On Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol.

By Mr. Mason.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift, which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—

And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;

Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas e'en to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

EPITAPH

On Miss Drummond.—By Mr. Mason.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace that with tendernefs and fenfe combin'd
To form that harmony of foul and face,
Where beauty fhines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in Nature's pride,
Bleft with each art that owes its charm to Truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.

He weeps: O venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to eafe Affliction's load;
The parent mourns the child upon the bier,
The christian yields an angel to his God.

TO A CHILD FIVE YEARS OLD.

By Cotton.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flow'rs of Eve's embower'd dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of you.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek!
How the bud its sweets discloses—
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak,

Lillies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty
Blossom, fade and die away;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens that ne'er decay.

THE HERMIT.

By Parnell.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;

That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on it's watry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees impending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my son! the rev'rend sire reply'd;

Words followed words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road:
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.—
But here the youth enjoin'd the eager fire,
Who into hidden truths, did much enquire,
If he'd in silence each event behold,
He wou'd to him some wond'rous things unfold.
Agreed;—and now the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bids the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they
 pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still his kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good;
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring woods to banish sleep,
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste ;
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they
go,

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
His cup was vanish'd ! for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray ;
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
So seem'd the fire ; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring feat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with dead small-beer,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both for cheer;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why shou'd such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside;
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before;

And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul.
Just sunk to earth, the miser in surprize,
Receiv'd the glitt'ring gift with startled eyes;
But ere he could recover from his fright,
The gen'rous guests were gone quite out of
sight.

Now the brisk clouds in airy tumults fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought,
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, but seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a mansion nigh. }
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and (not for praise, but virtue) kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then blest the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round the hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more afsail his
heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way:

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant went before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd;
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide,
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the Hermit's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and wildly cries,
Detested wretch!—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robes turn'd white, and flow'd about his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe in purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd like the day,
Wide at his back their dazzling plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

“Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

Their charms, success in our bright region find,
And forc'd an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.—
The Master justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends,
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts its attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor;

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind,
Conscious of wanting worth he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from
God;

(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had the false servant sped in safety back;
This very night, (by secret plot contriv'd)
Of life and wealth his master he'd depriv'd;
Had he in this conspiracy prevail'd,
What funds of charity would then have fail'd?

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, fought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

ARE not the ravens daily fed by Thee?
And wilt Thou clothe the lillies and not me?
Begone, Distrust! I shall have clothes and bread,
While lillies flourish, or the birds are fed!

THE BLIND MAN'S CONSOLATION.

Tho' darkness still attends me,
It aids internal sight,
And from such scenes defends me
As blush to see the light.

No weeping objects grieve me,
 No glitt'ring fop offends,
 No fawning smiles deceive me,
 Kind darkness me befriends.

Then cease your useless wailings—
 I know no reason why—
 Mankind to their own failings
 Are all as blind as I.

FABLE.

Written on a pain of glass at Kingsgate.

A Raven once an acorn took,
 From Kingsgate's tallest, stoutest tree;
 He hid it in a neighb'ring brook,
 And liv'd another oak to see.

Thus Melancholy buries Hope,
 Which Providence still keeps alive;
 She bids us in affliction hope,
 And all disquietudes survive.

ELEGY.

By *W. Shenstone.*

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye!
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care;
Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not DAMON's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious blifs admir'd;
In Fortune's train the syren Flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chace, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expencc, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Afsur'd that Virtue, by Misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,
Low at my feet desponding JESSY lay.

HENRY, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan:
All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmins that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, JESSY; we are pure.

O flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate shou'd nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That Pity gave, what Love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And Pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She spoke— nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier!

TO A LADY PLAYING ON THE HARPSICORD.

By Chatterton.

[Not published in his Works.]

HAD Israel's Monarch, when Misfortune's dart
Pierc'd to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet notes, his sorrowing heart
At such soft tones had sooth'd itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far, than Jesse's son's, thy strains,
 Yet what avail if Sorrow they disarm?
 Love's sharper sting within the soul remains:
 The melting movements wound us as they charm.

THE ENQUIRY.

By Mr. Carew.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd,
 Tell me (said I in deep distress)
 Where may I find my Shepherdess?

Thou fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,
 In every thing that's good she is;
 In yonder tulip go and seek,
 There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

In yon enamel'd pansie by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye;
 In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
 There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest lilly that there stands,
 The emblem of her whiter hands.
 In yonder rising hill there smell
 Such sweets as in her bosom dwell.

*"It's true" said I, and then anon
 I went to pluck them one by one
 To make of parts a Union;
 But of a sudden all was gone.*

THE PROTESTATION.

By the Same.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor *April* violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my CELIA's Love.

The fish shall in the ocean burr,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black *Lethe* shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my CELIA I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly,
The sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear,
If once I leave my CELIA dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,

Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright CELIA's Love.

ODE TO THE CELESTIAL GRACES.

Anonymous.

COME then SERENITY thou maiden fair,
And bring sweet SILENCE in thy train;
With gentle PEACE to soothe each care,
Bring also JOY, to ease each pain.

RELIGION, O thou virgin bright!
Come with pure FAITH and heavenly LOVE;
Let graceful HOPE beam forth her light,
And VIRTUE all she means approve.

Let VIGILANCE, that chearful maid,
And TEMPERANCE, her constant friend,
Be there,—to scatter every shade
Of Vice:—FIDELITY their steps attend.

Let TRUE NOBILITY, let MERCY too,
With all their Graces hither come;
Bright CHARITY their steps pursue,
And bring the heedless wanderer home.

SONNET.

Go, beauteous rose, and deck the lovely breast
Of her whose image ever dwells in mine,
And in the fair abode supremely blest,
With balmy sweets repay the bliss divine.

Emblem of beauty! (for alike you fade)
Do not thro' jealous pride or envy frown,
Because the tints that in her cheeks are spread,
Can boast a brighter crimson than thine own:

But kindly tell her, when thy fate is near,
That tho' she now may boast a youthful prime,
Yet soon, like thine, her charms must disappear,
Like thine confess the spoiling hand of Time.
Haply thy early fate the fair may move,
To smile propitious on Lorenzo's love.

EPIGRAM.

A Vicar long ill, who had treasur'd up wealth,
Told his Curate each Sunday to pray for his health;
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the Curate ought rather to wish he were dead
"For my truth," says the Curate, "let credit be given,
"I ne'er pray'd for his death—but I have for his living."

EPIGRAM.

HONEST John and his wife once to sea took a trip,
When a sudden cross-wind overfet the light ship;
Hand in hand, over deck, went this couple together,
Susan sunk like a stone, but John swam like a feather:
“Thank my stars!” says the man, safe escaped from
the flood,
“Tis a bad wind, indeed, that blows no body good.”

ON MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

By Sir Richard Blackmore.

PHILOSOPHERS may spare their toil, in vain
They form new schemes, and rack their thought-
ful brain,
The cause of heav'nly motions to explain;
After their various unsuccessful ways,
Their fruitless labour, and inept essays,
No cause of those appearances they'll find,
But pow'r exerted by th' eternal mind;
Which thro' their roads the orbs celestial drives,
And this or that determin'd motion gives.

The Mind Supreme does all his worlds controul,
Which by His order this and that way roll.
From Him they take a delegated force,
And by His high command maintain their course :
By laws decreed e'er fleeting time begun,
In their fixt limits they their stages run.

If then the earth, and each erratic world,
Around the Sun their proper center whirl'd,
Compose but one extended vast machine,
And from one spring their motions all begin;
Does not so wide, so intricate a frame,
Yet so harmonious, sov'reign art proclaim?
Is it a proof of judgement to invent
A work of spheres involv'd, which represent
The situation of the orbs above,
Their size and number show, and how they move;
And does not in the orbs themselves appear
As great contrivance, and design as clear?

ON MAN.

By the Same.

I Think, I move, I therefore know I am;
While I have been, I still have been the same,
Since from an infant, I a man became. }
But tho' I am, few circling years are gone
Since I in Nature's roll was quite unknown.

Then since 'tis plain I have not always been,
I ask, from whence my being could begin?
I did not to myself existence give,
Nor from myself the secret pow'r receive, }
By which I reason, and by which I live.
I did not build this frame, nor do I know
The hidden springs, from whence my motions flow.

If to myself I did not being give,
Nor from immediate parents did receive;
It could not from my predecessors flow,
They, than my parents, could not more bestow.
Should we the long depending scale ascend
Of sons and fathers, will it never end?
If 'twill, then must we thro' the order run
To some one man, whose being ne'er begun.
If that one man was sempiternal, why
Did he, since independent, ever die?
If from himself his own existence came,
The cause, that could destroy his being, name.

To seek my Maker, thus in vain I trace
The whole successive chain of *human* race.
Bewilder'd I my author cannot find,
'Till some first cause, some self-existent mind, }
Who form'd, and rules all nature, is assign'd.

*WHAT IS LOVE?**Anonymous.*

'Tis somewhat that exists within,
By pedants construed into sin;
A subtle particle of fire
Which heav'n did with our souls inspire;
Of such a mix'd and doubtful kind,
It pleases whilst it racks the mind;
In lightning through our eyes it breaks,
In blushes glows upon our cheeks;
Pants in the breast, dilates the heart,
And spreads its power thro' ev'ry part;
We feel it throb at every kiss,
Yet know not why, nor *what it is*.

*NATURE.**From the Minstrel.—By Dr. Beattie.*

LIBERAL, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.

With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And Freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which GOD refin'd?
No; let the heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To Fancy, Freedom, Harmony resign'd;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where Fear, Distrust, Malevolence abide,
And impotent Desire, and disappointed Pride?

One part, one little part we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.

Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble and be wise.

RETIREMENT.

From the Same.

"HAIL, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When Lucre lures him, or Ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—
To friends, attendants, armies bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:—

To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:—
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade!
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease!
Ah! what avails the love of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhimes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

Ah, what avails (he said) to trace the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel!

To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel.
 Heroes, alas! are things of small concern.
 Could History man's secret heart reveal,
 And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
 Her transcripts to explore, what bosom would not
 yearn!"

TO A LADY WITH A RING.

Anonymous.

"THEE, MARY, with this ring I wed:"—
 So, sixteen years ago, I said.—
 Behold another ring!—"For what?"
 To wed thee o'er again.—Why not?

With that *first* ring I married YOUTH,
 GRACE, beauty, innocence, and truth?
 TASTE long admir'd; SENSE long rever'd;
 And all my Molly *then* appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd
 Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,
 I plead that doubled merit now,
 To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
 With ardour as intense and pure,

Bishop Head Master of

Merchant Tailors School

As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my SECOND ring
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till Death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience sake, as well as love's.
For why?—They shew me hour by hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgement's sentence;
And teach me all things—but REPENTANCE!

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

By her Husband.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish brings,
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain,
Shall pour those salutary springs in vain;
Condemn'd like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,

From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb despair the short'ning breath;
If chance directs him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine:
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warn'd me, and whose beauty blest,
Fram'd every tie that binds the soul to prove,
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
But yet remembering that the parting sigh,
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
The starting tear I check'd, I kiss'd the rod,
And not to earth resign'd her, but to God.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

By Mrs. Thrale.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground,
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale:

When sports went round and all were gay,
On Neighbour Dobson's wedding day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you?' the hapless husband cried:
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewel; no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave:
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,

Well pleas'd the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near;

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:

But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,

As all alone he fate,

Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate

Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,

'So soon return'd!' old Dobson cries,

"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies,

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!

Since I was here before

'Tis six and thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore."

‘ So much the worse, the clown rejoind;
To spare the aged would be kind;
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is’t regal?
Else you are come on a fool’s errand,
With but a Secretary’s warrant.
Besides, you promis’d me Three Warnings,
Which I have look’d for nights and mornings!
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.’

“ I know,” cries Death, “ that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don’t be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you’d still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, tho’, of your strength!”
‘ Hold,’ says the farmer, ‘ not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past.’

“ And no great wonder,” Death replies;
“ However you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one’s loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.”

‘ Perhaps,’ says Dobson, ‘ so it might,
But latterly I’ve lost my sight.’

“ This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there’s some comfort still,” says Death:
“ Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.”

‘ There’s none,’ cries he; ‘ and if there were,
I’m grown so deaf, I could not hear.’

"Nay, then!" the spectre stern rejoin'd,
These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings.
So come along, no more we'll part:"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale

ELEGY.

To Anna in Sickness.

Yes 'twas to thee thou dear delusive fair,
To thee I owe the wan, the pallid cheek;
For thee no more I breathe the healthful air;
For thee what dreams my nightly slumbers break!

For thee I shun the festive train of mirth;
For thee the pencil lost its wonted spell;
'Twas thou that gave this idleness a birth,
That still upon one object loves to dwell.

Still as to graver studies I would fly,
Thy flatt'ring form my ling'ring steps detains;
With angry hand thrusts beck'ning Science by,
And fills my longing soul with love-sick pains.

Lifless I muse the flying hours away,
Volume on volume still unopen'd lies,
Love avaricious claims the unbroken day,
And bids me leave behind fair Learning's prize.

Reluctant I obey—and snatch the lyre,
“And give to Venus all its trembling strings;”
In softer measure sing of fond desire,
And bid adieu to heroes and to kings.

Thy milder charms inspire my humble lay,
Thy meekness gentle as the peaceful dove,
Thy smiles that drive each rising care away,
And gently stir the inmost soul to love.

Thy modest eye that fears the meeting glance,
These are my themes, and these my hours employ;
Whilst Hope still bids each trembling wish advance,
And points to distant views of future joy.

Ah! vail not then the scenes which Hope displays;
If thy fair eyes one moment are withdrawn,
Darkness shall shade what picturing thought surveys,
And black'ning clouds deform the rising dawn.

Deign then to smile, fair nymph, and ease the pain,
The anxious torture of a wounded breast;
Ah! suffer not the Muse to plead in vain,
But gently pitying soothe my soul to rest.

ON SLAVERY.

By Mr. Cowper.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r
T' inforce the wrong for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,

Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That part us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire. That where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

By Thomson.

HAPPY they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.—

——What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High Fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or in the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven?
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees

The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
'Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

ODE ON SWEETNESS.

By Robertson.

OF damask cheeks, and radiant eyes,
Let other poets tell;
Within the bosom of the fair
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the sprightly powers of wit
In blith assemblage play;
There ev'ry social virtue sheds
Its intellectual ray.

But as the sun's refulgent light
Heaven's wide expanse refines;
With sov'reign lustre through the soul
Celestial Sweetness shines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,
And sparkles in the face;
It harmonizes every thought,
And heightens every grace.

One glimpse can sooth the troubled breast,
The heaving sigh restrain!
Can make the bed of sickness please,
And stop the sense of pain.

Its power can charm the savage heart,
The tyrant's pity move :
To smiles convert the wildest rage,
And melt the soul to love.

When Sweetness beams upon the throne,
In Majesty benign,
The awful splendours of a crown
With milder lustre shine.

In scenes of poverty and woe,
Where Melancholy dwells,
The influence of this living ray
The dreary gloom dispels.

Thus, when the blooming spring returns
To cheer the mournful plains,
Through earth and air, with genial warmth,
Ethereal mildness reigns.

Beneath its bright auspicious beams
No boist'rous passions rise ;
Moroseness quits the peaceful scene,
And baleful Discord flies.

A thousand nameless beauties spring,
A thousand virtues glow ;
A smiling train of joys appear,
And endless blessings flow.

Unbounded Charity displays
Her sympathizing charms;
And Friendship's pure seraphic flame
The generous bosom warms.

Almighty Love exerts his power,
And spreads with secret art
A soft sensation through the frame,
A transport through the heart.

Nor shall the storms of Age, which cloud
Each gleam of sensual joy,
And blast the gaudy flower's pride,
These blest effects destroy.

When that fair form shall sink in years;
And all those graces fly;
The beauty of thy heavenly mind
Shall length of days defy.

EXTRACT FROM FAVONIA.

Anonymous.

"Go tell, my Son, (said she)
All thou shalt hear from me;
Tell him (effect'ally to cure his pain)
That he once more shall kind FAVONIA see,
Meet, and embrace, and dwell with her again.

Tho' frequent now, she gladly leaves
Yon azure fields, and over-rolling spheres;
And pleasures from his sight receives,
Which more than those bright orbs her spirit cheers:
A time will come, when he shall yield to Fate,
And prove that separated state:
Then, shall she clasp his new-born mind;
And he his long-lost relative shall find:
With her triumphant shall he mount the sky,
And unimagined miracles descry!
Together shall they soar, together rove,
(Still undivided as their love)
Thro' ev'ry world, thro' ev'ry radiant road,
And take a blissful view of all the works of God!

Myriads of Saints those ample realms contain.

Here, pure Philosophy regales

Their rais'd, enlarg'd, enlighten'd souls;

No cloudy error here prevails;

Nor sacred Truth's convictive sway controuls.

Oft by the courtiers of the King of Heav'n

To the blest throng are grateful visits giv'n:

And some they entertain

With tuneful hymns; and songs recite

Which paint the glories of their future reign:

To some, whom Contemplation's sweet delight

To deep researches does invite,

Profoundest problems they explain,

And chase all doubts from their illumin'd sight.

Happy the pupils thus from darkness freed,

When Angel-Doctors lectures read!

Perfection there on Vision waits:
To this their happiness creates.
God's everlasting glories there,
Confess'd, to ev'ry dazzl'd sight
Unvail'd appear!

They see the sacred source of all delight;
Beauty originally bright!
Th' eternal Archetypes of all that's good and fair!
Treasures immense of Science lie
Expos'd to ev'ry eye:
Where in the unexhausted store
They still new depths explore,
And recent wonders unreveal'd before;
Which their exalted minds improve!
'Tis but to see, to know, and love;
And in their breasts immortal raptures move!
No moment there can idly fly;
From strength to strength they swiftly rove:
The various round of joy no zenith knows;
Nor Indolence allows:
The tide of Pleasure, there for ever flows;
And rises still, to all eternity!"

Hail mighty Love! thou Principle Divine!
Whose active beams eternal shine!
How happy is the sacred breast
Which harbours thee Celestial Guest!
Thy faithful fire,
No place, nor time, can cause t' expire!

Death, and the Grave, both hope in vain,
A conquest over thee to gain:
In vain the poison'd arrow flies,
And show'rs of fatal darts arise.
Nothing can quench thy everlasting flames
Triumphant Love! thou holiest, best of names!

ODE TO VARIETY.

Anonymous.

O Goddess! clad in rainbow vest,
Whose shifting hues with every ray
New charms display ::
O Goddess to my raptur'd breast
Some portion of thy power impart,
As thro' thy tangled paths I range,
And taste the dear delights of change;
In numbers wildly free,
And uncontroul'd as thee,
To sing thy influence o'er the human heart.

Thy ardent love on every breast
The great Creator's self imprest,
Or why is Nature full of thee?
Why all this grand assemblage made
Of hill and vale, clear streams and azure skies,

Tall forests towering shade,
And precipices wild, and wide-extended sea?
—Of BEING why the wond'rous chain,
Where countless forms in slow progression rise,
From vegetation's humble train,
To man's high port erect and awe-commanding
eyes!

While every flower that sips the dew,
And every bird that wings the sky,
Each beast that roams the covert through,
And each of Ocean's scaly fry,
By sage Philosophy's enquiry known,
Has powers and properties peculiarly its own.

Let the microscopic eye
Mark the numerous hosts that lie
On the peach's downy breast,
While in blooming beauty drest;
And with wonder let it view
In each a different shape and hue:
Or when the Libyan wastes impetuous rise,
In angry eddies by the whirlwind tost,
Till underneath whole caravans are lost,
And all the plain in silent horror lies:
Two grains of sand are not alike in form,
Tho' such vast multitudes compose the whelming
storm.

Thee, Phœbus owns throughout his glad career,
And brings new pleasures with the changeful year;

Spring's opening charms and early flowers,
Summer's bright rays and tepid airs,
Blithe Autumn's corn-clad fields and russet bowers,
And now the earth thy snowy mantle wears,
O Winter! now we seek thy sports and social cheer.
Oft let me thro' th' embowering grove,
With lonely Contemplation rove,
And oft emerging to the scenes resort
Where blue-eyed Pleasure holds her crowded court;
Thy votary still, O sweet Variety!
Selfish delights, and manners rude,
Are not the boast of solitude,
But that it fits us for Society!

Without thee what are life's best joys?
For constant repetition cloy;
E'en grief itself but shares the breast,
To heighten joy's extatic zest;
And wisely in this chequer'd scene
Has Heav'n dispers'd gay smiles and streaming tears,
Or life a tasteless round had been,
Nor Love itself could charm unmix'd with hopes and
fears!

Musick and heav'n-born Poesy,
Their powers to please derive from thee,
And lovely Painting her creative fire;
By thee the breast a SIDDONS thrills,
To pity melts, with horror chills,
And every art is faint till thou inspire.

But chief my wandering search would scan
Thy empire o'er the mind of man,
And there thy wildest labyrinths explore;
The hidden springs of action trace,
Each secret bias, latent grace,
And the nice shades of Character's exhaustless store:
For this the Gallic plains I seek,
Or wild Helvetia's mountains bleak,
Or ancient Tiber's classic shore;
When down the sloping vale I stray,
Or up the steepy mountain climb,
Thy smiles beguile the weary way,
And smooth the rapid wing of time,
While Nature's varying scenes mine eyes survey,
Or manners changing with the changing clime.

But Winter now forbids to brave
The howling wind and foamy wave;
Then till the young-eyed Spring
His milder breezes bring,
Here let me wait in GRANTA's smiling scene,
Where scatter'd in confusion gay
Hills, dales, and groves, their charms display,
And CAMUS winding rolls his wave between.

O Goddesses ever new!
Whom far and wide my steps pursue,
Tho' unconfin'd and free;
In the wide earth's extensive round
No spot so highly blest is found,

No single spot that boasts so much of thee.
 Here Beauty her enchanting lures displays,
 And draws admiring multitudes to gaze;
 Here Elegance does all her arts employ,
 Points every charm, and heightens every joy.
 Nor wants there some who ne'er were led astray
 By erring Dissipation's meteor ray,
 Whose silent search explores Creation's laws,
 And traces thro' His works the great First Cause.
 While the warm Spring their genial powers supply,
 Paint the wan cheek, and light the languid eye,
 REASON and HEALTH unite their welcome reign,
 And TASTE and PLEASURE join their blissful
 train.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

By Lady Craven.

COLIN met Sylvia on the green,
 Once on the charming first of May,
 And Shepherds now tell false I ween,
 Yet 'twas by chance the Shepherds say.

Colin he bow'd and blush'd, then said,
 Will you, sweet maid, this first of May,
 Begin the dance by Colin led,
 To make this quite his holiday?

Sylvia replied, I ne'er from home
Yet ventur'd 'till this first of May;
It is not fit for maids to roam,
And make a Shepherd's holiday.

It is most fit, replied the youth,
That Sylvia should this first of May
By me be taught, that Love and Truth
Can make of life a holiday.

ON A GENERAL FAST.

Anonymous.

WHEN Abraham, full of sacred awe,
Before JEHOVAH stood,
And with an humble, fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom su'd;

With what success, what wond'rous grace
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in that place
Ten righteous men were found.

And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon attain?
Good God! and shall a nation cry
And plead with thee in vain?

Are not thy people dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in its crimes?

Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode,
Long has thy presence bless'd our land,
Forfake us not, O God!

Oh! may the People, Priest, and Prince,
Thy choicest favours share;
And know thee by that glorious name,
The God that heareth pray'r.

ON A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

Anonymous.

FATHER of Heav'n! from thy celestial throne
Behold thy church, and look with pity down!
Laden with blessings, see thy servants bend,
And from their hearts, oh! hear thy praise ascend!
Most gracious God! add yet one mercy more,
Make us deserve that love we all adore:
Then may we hope thy peace on earth to gain,
And peace eternal as thy glorious reign!

—Peace sung by angels, when, with one accord,
The whole creation hail'd their Infant Lord!
Peace that will bloom amidst immortal day,
Which worlds can neither give nor take away!

THE SUMMUM BONUM.

From a Sonnet of the famous Drelincourt.

TRAVERSE the globe, go fly from pole to pole;
Go far as winds can blow, or waters roll;
All, all is VANITY beneath the sun;
To certain death, through different paths, we run.
See, the pale Miser, poring o'er his gold:
See, there a Galley Slave, to misery sold.
Ambition groans beneath her own vast weight,
The splendid victim of the toils of state;
Lo! in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow:
Love's dearest joys oft terminate in woe;
E'en Learning ends her vast career in doubt,
And puzzling still makes nothing clearly out.
Where then is sovereign BLISS? where doth it grow?
Know, mortal, HAPPINESS ne'er dwelt below:
Look at yon Heav'n—go seek the blessings there;
Be Heaven thy aim, thy soul's eternal care;
Nothing but God, and God alone, you'll find,
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.

*FIRST OF NOVEMBER.**By Dr. Johnson.*

BEHOLD, my Fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise!
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy power confess'd,
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign;
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope, and fond Desire,
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care;
Scarce frightened Love maintains his fire,
And rapture faddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year;
The slave of sun-shine, and of gloom.

Fir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife;
Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

*WINTER's AMUSEMENT.**By Mr. Ansty.*

YE beauteous nymphs, and jovial swains,
Who, deck'd with youthful bloom,
In gay assemblage meet to grace
PHILANDER's chearful dome:

Mark how the wintry clouds hang o'er
Yon frowning mountain's brow;
Mark how the rude winds warp the stream,
And rock the leafless bough.

The painted meads, and flow'ry lawns
Their wonted pride give o'er;
The feather'd flocks in silence mourn,
Their notes are heard no more.

Save where beneath the lonely shed,
Or desolated thorn,
The RED-BREAST heaves his ruffled plumes,
And tunes his pipe forlorn.

Yet shall the sun's reviving ray
Recall the genial spring:
The painted meads resume their pride;
The feather'd flocks shall sing.

But not to you shall e'er return
The pride of gaudy years;
When pining Age, with icy hand,
His hoary mantle rears.

When once, alas! his churlish blast
Shall your bright spring subdue,
I know not what reviving fun
Can e'er that spring renew.

Then seize the glorious golden days,
That fill your cup with joy;
Bid every gay and social scene
Your blissful hours employ.

Oft where the crouded stage invites,
The laughing Muses join;
Or woo them while they smile around
EUGENIA's laurel'd shrine.

Oft seek the haunts where Health and Joy
To sportive numbers move;
Or plaintive strains breathe soft desire,
And wake the soul to love.

Yet ah! where'er you bend your way,
Let fair Discretion steer;
From Folly's vain delusive charms,
And Passion's wild career.

So when the wintry hours shall come,
When youth and pleasure fly,
Safe shall you ward th' impending storm,
And Time's rude blast defy.

Perpetual charms, unfading spring,
In sweet reflection find;
While Innocence and Virtue bring
A sun-shine to the mind!

CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

By Cowper.

I Would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path,
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.

A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when held within their proper bounds
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field,
There they are privileged. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs th' œconomy of Nature's realm,
Who when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this: if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than Cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shews it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shews none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,

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From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable, and God, some future day,
Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Nor more on human health, than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance were giv'n
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Match'd with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oft times vanquish'd and thrown far behind.
Some shew that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadrupede instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be wean'd, or changed
By any change of fortune, proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp, and gratitude for small
And trivial favors, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.

*THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.**By Dr. Goldsmith.*

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And Sorrow, Guilt, and Pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and Anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leds the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

COLIN:—A PASTORAL.

IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

By the Rev. J. Asbley, Vicar of Fleet in Lincolnshire.

YE shepherds, and nymphs of the plain,
 Come tripping about in a throng;
 Since COLIN's the theme of my strain,
 You will all of you join in the song:
 Of nymphs the delight and the joy;
 Of shepherds the envy and praise;
 There's none but must heave the soft sigh,
 There's none but will echo the lays.

With all that can charm and delight,
 With all that can rapture inspire;
 More dear to his PHOEBE than sight,
 He is all my fond wishes desire:
 He has found ev'ry charm that can please,
 Sure Cupid has lent him his dart;
 He has stol'n from the Graces their ease,
 He has stol'n—No,—I gave him my heart.

I ask not the splendour of courts,
I love not the noise of the town;
Ah! far from such joyless resorts
The Graces affrighted are flown:
Vain pomp has no charms for my breast,
All state but my COLIN I scorn;
With him my poor cot would be blest,
Without him a palace forlorn.

With him when I trip o'er the plain,
How swift glide the hours away!
But ah! when he leaves me again,
How dull and how tedious the day!
When he speaks, how my heart does rejoice!
When he sings, how I'm charm'd with the song!
Sure music's more sweet from his voice,
And truth flows improv'd from his tongue!

He has told me—I can't but believe,
That PHOEBE is dear to his breast;
He has said, and he cannot deceive,
—But why need I tell you the rest?
Ye shepherds, rejoice in his bliss,
Ye nymphs do not envy my joy:
Let your manners be artless as his,
And be happy as COLIN and I.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

Anonymous.

IN dawn of life, she wisely sought her God,
And the strait path of thorny Virtue trod;
In bloom of beauty, humbly turn'd aside
The incense Flatt'ry offer'd to her pride;
Her front with virgin modesty was crown'd,
And on her lip the law of Truth was found.
Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend.
The bad she censur'd by her life alone,
Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
In others griefs a tender part she bore,
And all the needy shar'd her little store:
At distance view'd the world with pious dread,
And to God's temple for protection fled;
There sought that peace which heav'n alone can give,
And learn'd to die ere others learn to live.

EPITAPH.

On Miss Rose.

BENEATH this sod reclines that bashful flow'r,
Which sprung to please, and wither'd in an hour:
Yet one short space its vigour shall enliven,
And bloom a fairer, sweeter ROSE in heaven.

THE EVENING WALK.

By Miss Carter.

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll;
And solitude, and silent eve restore
The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet sooths the breast,
And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your task be ended with the setting sun;
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,
In this still moment all their charms diffuse,
Serenity joys, and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful Mem'ry wakens all her pow'rs,
She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought restores
The social virtue, and the absent friend.

Come Delia, come, and with me share
 The sober pleasures of this solemn scene;
 While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
 But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours
 Each foolish care, and giddy wish controul,
 With all thy soft persuasion's wonted pow'rs,
 Beyond the stars transport my listening soul.

Oft, when the earth detain'd by empty show,
 Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise;
 Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
 And seek her better portion in the skies.

Come, and the sacred eloquence repeat:
 The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
 Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
 And op'ning heav'n diffuse its glories round.

DIRTILLA:—A POEM.

From Caspipina.

THOU Goddesses sable-clad, DIRTILLA, hail!
 Thee I invoke to aid my daring muse,
 To rise with sooty wing and sing thy praise
 Ne'er yet attempted by advent'rous bard:
 Thee I invoke—whether thou lov'st to shew

Thy marbled visage in the troubled pool,
Or spread thy bounty o'er the smutty face
Of chimney-sweeping elf; or o'er the plain,
Rolling in clouds, by summer breezes born,
Salute the traveller in shape of dust;
Whether in furnace or in noisy forge
With fiend-like colliers thou vouchsaf'st to dwell,
And fix with Vulcan thy co-equal reign,
Or soft recline upon a scullion's lap,
Or on the school-boy's jacket smile serene.

Rebellious beaux and washing-women strive,
But strive in vain, with never-ending war
To overcome thy power—still thou return'st,
And still they labour on with fruitless toil,
Sworn foes to thee, thou sober visag'd dame!
Not so thy bard—full well he knows to gain,
And, having gain'd, thy favour still to keep.
Ev'n now, wide-spreading o'er my honour'd coat,
Full many a spot, full many a greasy smear
Thy influence benign and power declare;
Driving far thence of new-impres'd cloth
The gaudy glare—ne'er to return again.

Oh mortals! blind to truth, whose anxious hearts
Impatient wait, 'till from the taylor's hand
The sumptuous garb, long-look'd for, comes com-
pleat.

Success no sooner crowns their wearied hope,
But now distractions fill their troubled mind

And cloud their joy; lest in some guardless hour
One dreaded spot should sully all their pride.

See, at the festive board in new brocade
And lawn, as yet unstain'd, SOPHRONIA sits.
In vain rich wines of various climes and hue,
In order rang'd, the glittering side-board grace,
And pleasant viands smoke in vain around:
Nor these, nor yet th' exhilarating song,
Or needle point of stimulating wit
Provoke to joy her ever-anxious heart.
Should the rude servant with unhallowed foot,
And over-flowing glass, approach too near
The magic circle of her spreading robe,
Her eager hands collect the darling silk
In closer folds: and in her sparkling eye
New lightnings kindle at the bold assault.

Thus have I seen within some farmer's yard,
Whilst busy *Partlet* for her chirping brood
The dung-hill scratch'd, to them a mine of wealth
Should fierce *Grimalkin* from beneath the mow,
Or neighbouring barn, creep sly with deadly paw,
Alarm'd she gathers all her little train
Beneath her shelt'ring wings; she swells with rage
And bristling feathers awe the daring foe.

Oh Goddess most benign! beneath thy sway
I eat and drink with pleasure unallay'd:
Nor care I aught, if from the dripping-spoon

The falling drop enrich my sullied garb.
O could I like **FILTHANDER** boast thy love!
Thy favourite votary *be*, far, far beyond
My utmost reach, my highest hope aspires.
His honour'd chamber thou vouchsaf'st to make
Thy chosen seat, thy undisturb'd abode:
Where never broom thy ministers annoy,
But spiders, white with age, their webs extend,
And see their num'rous offspring do the same.

Methinks I view him seated on the floor,
With all his dirty papers scatter'd round.
While lengthen'd cobwebs from the cieling height
Wave o'er his head in many a pendent row:
Not such as *Betty* from the parlour sweeps
With nimble hand; but such as oft are found
In dungeons deep, black with the dust of years.
Methinks I see upon his broken hearth
On either side an heap of ashes rise;
The sad remains of an whole winter's fire:
Nor would he yield them to the chandler's pence;
For they, O-cursed art! by process dire
Would soon convert them into cleansing soap.
And here a kettle stands, which never felt
The wasting torture of a scullion's hand;
Impenetrable crusts guard it without,
And scale on scale, the solid sediment
Of constant use uncleans'd, line it within.
And there a delphin mug, once rich emboss'd
With many a winding leaf and opening flower,

Of which no traces now are to be found,
Obliterated all with harden'd grime.

But above all, methinks I see his bed,
The throne, O Goddess, where thou reign'st supreme
The teaster bends beneath the load of dust,
Which Time hath scatter'd with unsparing hand;
And curtains tawny with incessant smoke,
Hung graceful round in many a smutty fold.
To shake the bed, or cleanse the tottering frame
On which it lies, no hand hath yet presum'd;
But unmolested myriads wanton there.
Thus lives FILTHANDER, nor can aught avail
To move his firm allegiance unto thee:
And may'st thou, Goddess, e'er such votaries find!

Wrapt in prophetic vision, I behold
The times approach, when all thy haughty foes
Humbled in dust, shall own thy general sway.
For well we know that all things sprang from dirt;
And *beaux* and *belles* and all the soapy train
Of *washing-women* and of *scouring-men*
Must yield to thee, and into dirt return.

ELEGIAC SONG.

By Mrs. Cowley.

WHERE is my lover and my friend?

Surely he will not linger long;
He early us'd to seek my cot,
And cheer me with his dulcet song.

Where is my lover and my friend?

Sadder the pensive twilight grows;
Its latest gleams are now no more,
The screech-owl flaps, the north-wind blows.

Where is my lover and my friend?

Hark! the hoarse thunder steals around;
Nearer and louder are its peals,
The livid lightnings skim the ground.

Where is my lover and my friend?

The storm is past, the sky is clear;
I'll leave my cot and trace the path
Which each dear evening brings him here.

Where is my lover and my friend?

My eye darts o'er the mead, the vale;
He is not there!—What caus'd his stay?
I'll chide, nor listen to his tale.

Where is my lover and my friend?
 Perhaps he loiters through the grove;
 I'll thither bend my eager steps—
 Guide them, kind fortune, to my love.

THERE is my lover and my friend!
 I know his dear, his graceful form;
 Yon lofty oak supports his head—
 Its foliage kept him from the storm.

Oh speak, my lover and my friend!
 See! anxious thro' the night I came:
 I scorn the babbling neighbours talk,
 Nor heed their comment or their blame.

O gracious God! my hair upheaves—
 Thou didst the blasting lightning send!
 I sink! oh neighbours dig the grave:—
 I join my lover and my friend!

THE RURAL PAIR.

Anonymous.

WHERE confluent torrents join their streams, the
 flow
 Hoarsely adown yon steepy mountain's brow,
 Behold a spot! embrown'd with lofty trees,
 Whose foliage quivers to the gentle breeze:

Near it a cottage stands, mean and obscure,
Its turfy sides with shagged moss grown o'er.—
No doric frieze adorns the humble roof;
'Tis warmly thatch'd—and 'gainst the tempest proof.
The honest tenant of that lowly shed,
Though doom'd to toil from day to day for bread,
Is greatly rich:—His soul feels pure content,
His deeds are noble, and his life well spent;
Betime he seeks repose, betime awakes,
And plods to labour ere the morning breaks:
No cares corroding rankle in his breast,
He sips the transport of unenvied rest,
And is in humble virtues truly blest. }
Loving and lov'd—join'd to a tender wife,
Chearful he treads the rugged maze of life,
Bends with submission to heav'n's awful will,
And thanks the pow'r that shelters him from ill.
But lo, the Dame!—How lovely is her mien!
There Virtue speaks, there Piety is seen;
There rural Innocence, and artless Ease
Live to delight, to animate, and please.
Around her steps attend a smiling train
Of beauteous babes, some favour to obtain:
With all the prudence of maternal love
She forms their manners, early as they move,
Listens with kind indulgence to each moan,
And feeds their lips while she neglects her own;
From their young minds disperses Error's gloom,
And tends their infant virtues till they bloom.

So the fair oak that overhangs the vale
Guards the young sapling from the blasting gale;
With outspread arms affords a friendly shade,
And gives to rising Nature, Nature's aid.

CHARITY:—AN IMITATION.

By the Author of the Spiritual Quixote.

THO' streams of Elocution flow'd
More tuneful from my tongue,
Than e'er on mortal lips have glow'd,
Or grac'd an Angel's song:

With all the knowledge were I stor'd
That swells each learned tome;
Had I all mysteries explor'd,
Past, present, or to come:

Each day with ostentatious pride
Were my superfluous store,
Nay, all my fund of wealth, apply'd
To clothe or feed the poor:

To seal the Truth could I submit,
With constancy of soul;
Or yet in various tongues transmit
That Truth from pole to pole:

Had I the Faith of Abraham shar'd,
And mountains could remove;
Yet what are all these gifts, compar'd
With Charity or Love?

Vain as the tinkling cymbal's sound
Were all these pompous deeds:
The soul where Charity is found,
Each boasted grace exceeds.

True Charity its aid extends,
To fiercest foes is kind:
Patient and gentle to her friends
To all their frailties blind.

By no suspicious fears misled,
She always hopes the best:
No selfish views of gain are bred
Or harbour'd in her breast.

Nor Envy nor Ambition knows,
Nor loves the sland'rous tale:
From purer source her pleasure flows—
To see the Truth prevail.

When all these outward gifts are lost,
And tongues and knowledge fail,
True Charity her power may boast,
Her charms shall still prevail.

Till perfect in the realms of light
Her banners she'll display,
Whilst human virtues from the sight,
Like vapours, melt away.

When yet a child, with ev'ry toy
And trifle I was charm'd:
Each transient bliss, each idle joy
My breast with rapture warm'd.

But when a man, and grown more wise,
These trifles please no more,
I look with cold disgusted eyes
On all that pleas'd before.

Thus, earthly joys, like shadows vain
Reflected from a glass,
Our fancy for a while detain,
And in a moment pass.

But man, 'midst heav'n's unclouded beams,
More perfect bliss will know;
Where pleasures, in unceasing streams,
From God's right hand shall flow.

Fruition, Hope; and Faith, above,
Shall Certainty obtain:
But Charity alone, and Love,
Eternally shall reign.

ON OPINION.

By the Same.

SINCE all agree, 'tis hard to find
Two men alike, 'mongst all mankind;
Laugh not my friend, if I pursue
Schemes unaccountable to you:
Left I retort, and laugh again;
And judge *your* projects still more vain.

Tho' Reason boast her sage dominion,
All happiness is but *Opinion*.
Wisdom in vain exalts her voice,
To censure Folly's random choice;
Whilst each man finds some strange enjoyment
In what he makes his chief employment.

You wonder what the anxious Miser
In heaps of hoarded gold can 'spy, Sir;
Who thus torments and starves himself,
To hover o'er his useless pelf.
He pities you, " who toil and sweat,
And brave fam'd *Ætna's* scorching heat:
Or 'midst the rigorous winters pine,
That freeze the Danube and the Rhine:
Your time and labour *idly* waste,
Indulgent to what *you* call taste:

And wonders what strange pleasure lies
In medals, books, and—butterflies.”

The Man of Ease is shock'd to see
Ambition's anxious votary :
Who quits the calmer joys of life,
To stem the waves of factious strife.
Tho' form'd by Nature fierce and proud,
He stoops to court th' ignoble crowd,
As steps, to mount and strut his hour
Around the slippery stage of pow'r :
Abus'd and pelted, right or wrong,
By th' envious and ambitious throng,
Who wish to work the wight's disgrace,
That—they may lord it in *his* place.

Not so the gentle Macaronie,
Who sacrifices time and money,
And every weightier occupation,
Attentive to the decoration
Of his belov'd exterior part :
On which he lavishes his *art*,
Still thwarting Nature's wise intention
By every queer, uncouth invention,
That fops or taylors can devise,
Her genuine beauties to disguise.

Lo! even amidst the bloom of May,
(When every field and grove looks gay ;
And I am reading in my arbour)
He's taken captive by his barber :

And, once secur'd within his pow'r,
Imprison'd many a tedious hour.
Whilst Monsieur with his batt'ring engine
(The tongs by turns his foretop fingeing)
Attacks in front, in flank, in rear;
(Poor Strephon shuts his eyes for fear!)
Till smoke and scented dust perfume,
With suffocating steams, the room.

Thence issuing forth by five o'clock
(Like statue stiff or barber's block)
He dines—then at some brilliant rout
He sits in form and stares about;
At length, conveyed from whence he came,
To-morrow to repeat the same.

Blest as th' immortal Gods the Bard
(If meagre Fame his toils reward :)
Whilst pleas'd he plies his harmless trade;
In summer, 'midst the sylvan shade;
In winter, by his parlour fire :
To sprightlier joys he'll ne'er aspire.
Whate'er befalls, he sits content;
Nor taxes heeds, nor loss of rent :
Grant him, ye Gods, but pen and ink,
A warm furtout—a little drink !
What more has he to do with chink ?
Amidst his calm Parnassian scenes,
He wonders what ambition means.
Rich, as the world were all his own,
Nor envies *monarchs* on their throne—

For monarchs various schemes pursue,
As whimsical as I or you—

Tho' born extensive realms to bless—
Yet some their subjects still oppress:
Like wolves, exulting in their pow'r,
Their flocks they pillage and devour.

There are, who place their highest glory
In warlike deeds—to shine in story;
Exerting their heroic labours
To plunder and distress their neighbours:
Who seem by heaven in wrath design'd,
Th' avenging angels of mankind.

Yet one there is, whose virtuous plan
Adorns the monarch and the man:
Whose influence and example tend
True piety to recommend:
Who, tutor'd young in Virtue's school,
Still makes th' establish'd laws his rule;
Anxious his subjects still to bless;
Tho' mortals can't command success;
Since Providence, for wisest ends,
Oft counteracts what man intends:
To human projects sets due bounds;
And all our best-laid schemes confounds.

UNFADING BEAUTY.*An Old Ballad.*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from tear-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love can bind,
Kindle never dying fires:
Where these are not, what suffice
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes?

REAL BEAUTY.*Anonymous.*

THE diamond's and the ruby's blaze,
Dispute the palm with Beauty's Queen;
Not Beauty's Queen command such praise,
Devoid of Virtue if she's seen.

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams;
 And the sweet blush of Modesty
 More beauteous than the ruby seems.

ON HER BROTHER'S VIOLIN.

By Mrs. Sheridan.

"SWEET instrument of him for whom I mourn,
 Tuneful companion of my LYCID's hours,
 How liest thou now neglected and forlorn!
 What skilfull hand shall now call forth thy powers!

Ah! none like his can reach those liquid notes,
 So soft, so sweet, so eloquently clear,
 To live beyond the touch, and gently float
 In dying modulations on the ear."

Thus o'er my LYCID's lyre as I complain'd,
 And kiss'd the strings where he was wont to play,
 While yet in pensive sadness I remain'd,
 Methought it sigh'd, and sighing seem'd to say,

"Ah! me forlorn, forsaken, now no more
 Shall fame and just applause around me wait;
 No power my gentle Master can restore,
 And I, alas! will share his hapless fate.

Fled is that spirit, chill'd that youthful fire,
Which taught those strains with harmony replete,
And cold that hand which only can inspire
My senseless form to utter sounds so sweet.

Those sounds melodious ne'er again shall please,
No tuneful strain from me shall ever flow ;
Save o'er my trembling strings a sighing breeze,
To call one sad, soft note of tender woe.

Else, ah! for ever mute let me remain,
Unstrung, untun'd, forgotten let me be ;
Guard me from curious eye, and touch profane,
And let me rest in mournful sympathy!

One fate with thee, dear master, let me share ;
Like thee in silent darkness let me lie!
My frame without thee is not worth my care,
With thee alone it liv'd, with thee shall die!"

HER BROTHER'S LYRE, TO MRS. SHERIDAN.

By Mr. Pratt.

THIS said—a solemn silence breath'd around,
CECILIA wept upon her LYCID's lyre,
The pensive breeze then gave a sighing sound,
And the strings seem'd to tremble and expire.

One hollow murmur like the dying moan,
Was heard to vibrate then with pauses slow,
From the sad instrument, when thus the tone
Gave modulations of a softer woe:

“Cease, beauteous mourner! partner of my grief!
Tuneful associate of my lost despair,
Thou, only thou, can’st bring this breast relief;
THY sympathy alone can soothe my care.

What though—ah, stroke severe! our LYCID’s dead
Nor more, alas! can ravish mortal ear;
What though the soul of melody is fled,
His blest attendant to th’ harmonious sphere;

Struck by CECILIA’s hand I yet may live;
Her magic touch again can tune my frame;
Her cherub voice my spirit yet revive,
And sounds of heavenly sorrow grace my fame.

But should nor dulcet song, nor music’s art,
Nor social sighs which mourn the youth we love,
Have power to heal the sister’s wounded heart,
Nor to these chords forlorn a solace prove:

Ah! still together let our sorrows join,
And this sad form yet boast thy gentle aid;
LYCID’s companion sure should still be thine;
Still should’st thou kiss the strings where he
play’d.”

THE SUMMIT OF HAPPINESS.

Anonymous.

THE powers who watch o'er mortals fate,
Gave me a small undipp'd estate,
Something about four hundred clear,
The rents forth-coming twice a year;
Hygeia saw my little wealth,
Nor envied aught, but added health;
And Friendship too, with open palm,
Shed round my heart her gen'rous balm:
Apollo too was pleas'd t' inspire,
And lent me now and then his lyre,
While nature gave a little taste,
And Flattery said my muse was chaste.
But more—those blessings to endear,
My bosom own'd A CONSCIENCE CLEAR.
Thus blest by fortune o'er and o'er,
Who'd e'er suppose I wanted more?
Yet something still remain'd behind,
Tho' what—I strove in vain to find;
'Till Heav'n (to whom I pray'd for life)
Discover'd it, AND GAVE A WIFE.

LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

By a Lady.

THOU, who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy;
Thou tenderest husband, and thou truest friend,
To thee, this fond, this last adieu, I send:
At length the conqu'ror DEATH, asserts his right,
And will, for ever, veil me from thy sight;
He woes me to him with a chearful grace,
And not one terror clouds his awful face:
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain;
Th' eternal joys of heav'n he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But say, thou tend'rest, thou unwearied friend,
Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past;
O weep not then, that comfort's come at last:
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

By Dr. Johnson.

FRIENDSHIP! peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While Love, a stranger to the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The human and the savage breast
Inflames alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide me through life's darksome way,
And let the tortures of Mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the monarch sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

When Virtues kindred Virtues meet,
And sister souls together join,
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,
Are all transporting, all divine.

Nor must their ardours cease to glow,
When souls to blissful climes remove,
What rais'd our virtues here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

WINTER:—AN ODE.

By the Same.

No more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle Eve distils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light.
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd
With sighs we view the hoary hill;
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove,
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars;
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste!—close the window—bar the doors:
Fate leaves me Stella and a Friend.

In Nature's aid, let Art supply
With light and heat my little sphere:
Rouze! rouze the fire, and pile it high;
Light up a constellation here.

Let Music sound the voice of Joy!
Or Mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the Season, Wine prevail.

Yet Time his dreary Winter brings,
When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor Music charm, tho' Stella sings;
Nor Love, nor Wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies:
Life's a short Summer—man a flow'r,
He dies!—alas! how soon he dies!

CARPE DIEM.

By the Rev. W. Rayner.

FAVOUR'D of heaven! who erst so nobly shone
Sublime on Wisdom's as on Salem's throne;
Who through thy wond'rous knowledge could'st explain

In so divine, so sweet a strain,
That all we do and all we think is vain;
That fondly wise we look on earth for bliss,
But meet, for pleasure, with deserved pain!
O may my soul, freed from its native rust,
With joyful ardor to thy precepts fly,
There (still a youth) record I am but dust,
And with thee ponder what it is—to die.

Strange! that mankind, by fatal error borne,
Can so absurdly shut their eyes to truth,
So far forget themselves, to scorn
Those sacred treasures which the soul adorn,
Those treasures Wisdom gives to thoughtful youth
Wilt thou, mistaken mortal, still persist
With wild ambition to behold a throne,
To madly think that peace can e'er consist
In the gilt sceptre, or the ermin'd gown?

cluded wretch! pursue thy senseless scheme;
By every cursed art thy end obtain,
Then learn, too late, that this thy golden dream,
For lasting pleasure brings thee lasting pain.

Perhaps thou wene'st that mirth and wine will give
The happiness for which you sigh:

Why then dissolve in sensual pleasure; live

As if thou never wert to die,

Quaff deep thy fancied immortality,

And give to plain conviction, sense, and truth, the lye.

Haste to Anacreon's festive board,

There join the jovial throng,

Of noise and riot hail'd the lord;

Some modest damsel's name afford

To grace the ribald song.

But what ensues? alas! thy tott'ring frame,

To dire disease and racking pains betray'd,

To thy eternal infamy and shame,

No more shall boast its former sprightly fame,

But quickly be convey'd

To poor, repentant, melancholy shade,

To the untimely grave thy thoughtless folly made.

Slave to his passions, open to every vice

That can th' unthinking soul entice,

See easy Florio seek the fell abode

Of some base mercenary fair,

A painted, living sepulchre,

And in her arms forgot himself and God:

Through each gay hour the madman revels on,
Women, and wine, and mirth, his sole delight,
Till ere he's reach'd his prime, his glass is run,
And down he sinks into eternal night.

But timely wise, my soul, do thou retire,
Within thy chamber commune and be still,
Repress the fallies of impure desire,
And learn obedience to th' Almighty's will.
Let Vice be e'er so lovely in her mien,
However drest to trap unwary youth,
Shun her enticements, be not with her seen,
But choose the paths of Innocence and Truth:
So shall no cares disturb thy peaceful breast,
No heartful pangs of conscious guilt be thine;
With health shalt thou, and length of days be blest,
And after death, in radiant glory shine
Bright as an Angel form, and as thy deeds divine.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

Anonymous.

SERIOUS and solemn be the song
Which hails this still-returning day;
Let measure guide the rhyme along,
And gratitude inspire the lay!

When Spring in all her blooming charms,
And Summer, in her richest dress,
When Autumn fills the lab'rer's arms,
Nor coyly yields her vast increase :

Oh then ! let Mortals grateful deem
Of all the blessings God has sent :
And in deep Winter's dread extreme,
Rejoice in plenty and content.

And while they joy in bounty given,
Still to the poor their hands extend :—
The first great Delegate of Heaven
Is he—the wretch's firmest friend.

Now long, and dark, and cold the night,
And short the blessings of the day ;
Yet soon the Sun's resplendent light
Shall hail us with a brighter ray.

And soon shall Winter's blast be o'er
And soon returning Spring arrive :
And then, oh then ! the happy poor,
Shall thank you they are still alive.

Grateful to Heaven their vows will rise
For blessings you may now bestow ;
And lab'ring breasts, and streaming eyes,
Their sense of obligation shew.

And who, that feels the genial fun,
And owns the God that points his ray,
Would leave the grateful task undone,
So suited to the shortest day.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

By Thomson.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing

Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuff'ring kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all! awake: a boundless song

Burst from the groves; and when the restless Day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm
The list'ning shades, and teach the Night his praise,
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all, !
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men! to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base.
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,

In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go,
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

END OF VOL. I.

